

# COUNTRY LIFE

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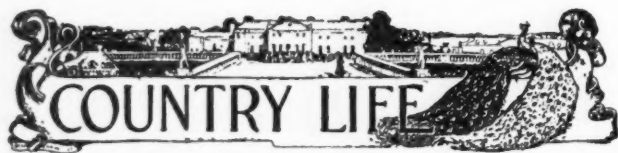
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MISS ALICE HUGHES,

LADY DICKSON-FOYNDER.

52 Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. IX. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

## THE CYCLIST . . . AND THE TRAMP.

NOW and again we hear very terrible stories of young ladies bicycling on lonely country roads being waylaid by tramps, who create an obstruction to stop the cyclist, perhaps slice the tyres with a knife to make escape impossible, and demand money with very nasty threats. We hear these stories at long intervals, and perhaps in many cases the stories are not true, so that a very small number that we need believe to be authentic are left. But the truth is that a very few of such stories are enough, and more than enough. It is a haunting horror that such things are possible—a sufficient deterrent to keep the cyclist of ordinary feminine nerves from venturing upon the lonely road, a deterrent that quite rightly is sufficient.

And yet, on the other hand, it is more than possible, it is very easy, to exaggerate the dangers of this nature out of all proportion to the truth. It is said that it is very unsafe for ladies to cycle upon lonely roads, in a manner that would seem to imply that the fact that they are cycling makes them

peculiarly apt to fall a prey to these undesirable people, so that the very cycle itself seems to become a source of danger in this regard. The truth of the case, however, is very much more nearly the reverse of this. There always has been a certain danger for unprotected ladies on lonely roads, and the reason that we hear occasionally of misadventures of this kind befalling them when cycling is, that on the cycle they venture themselves on roads that they scarcely would dare to traverse without an escort on foot. The danger, moreover, is only present on a road that cyclists seldom traverse, for the tramp, with all his idiosyncrasies, has not the reputation of being a courageous person. The wonder really is that on roads much infested by these rather interesting and yet wholly undesirable people, who never enter into social relations with the rest of the world at all until they come into touch with its agencies for the suppression of crime, their deeds of violence are not much more common than they seem to be. A second wonder is that they so seldom work in gangs, or even couples. We are told of their curious methods of signalling to others of their fraternity, by occult signs made by the arrangement of a stick in the hedge, or by a chalk mark on a wall, signifying, "An old curmudgeon lives here," "There is a savage dog in this house," or "Here the tramp may get a bit of bread and cheese," as the case may be; but in spite of all this, it is remarkable how seldom these able-bodied vagabonds combine for their offensive operations. Either they fail to grasp the importance of the maxim that "Union is strength," or they have not sufficient mutual confidence to make co-operation easy. Whatever the cause may be, the single tramp, or the tramp with his wife, as the domestic relations are understood amongst them, is a frequent object of our highways; but bands of tramps, or even two or three tramping in company, are remarkably, and very fortunately, uncommon. Perhaps these people, who alone in the twentieth century have really solved the problem of obtaining the liberty of the individual, find a sense of restraint in even such slight co-ordination as is implied by two walking together at the same pace along the same high road. By disposition they are solitary; they are predatory when the occasion falls in their way; but they are not actively malevolent; aggression for its own sake does not seem to have charms for them; and on the whole they are not to be reckoned as a courageous race of people.

In general, therefore, the roads often traversed by the cyclist are not favourable for any of those attacks on the purses of the unprotected, that no doubt would smile upon them more often if safe opportunities were more often given. But the fact that they are on a highway patrolled by cyclists makes such opportunities extremely rare. There is really no more effective police in the country than the cycling multitude; their presence, or very possible presence, makes any deed that requires a few minutes without interruption for its perpetration almost impossibly dangerous on a high road. The cyclist approaches silently and very swiftly. He gives no warning to the malefactor by a kindly rattle of wheels, nor does it suffice for the perpetration of a heinous crime that for a hundred yards, or even a quarter of a mile, the highway is seen to be deserted. The "scorcher" makes nothing of a quarter of a mile. He is not a majestic figure, but he comes with exceeding swiftness upon the malefactor, and it is no use to run from him.

All these considerations show that, far from the use of the cycle placing the feeble and the unprotected more wholly at the mercy of the criminal than they used to be, the cycle has come as a great aid in making life and property secure upon the highway. But it is upon the highway only. That is the point that it behoves the "unprotected female," as the lonely cycling lady is typically called, to recognise for her safety. There is always the element of danger on the roads that the cyclist does not patrol. It is a small element, one that the unprotected will reckon more or less, according to her individual disposition, as a quantity to be neglected among the many various risks of this mortal life; but it exists. It is a danger that perhaps is reduced to the vanishing point if the protection of an unloaded pistol, to present at a possible assailant, be carried in the pocket. A loaded pistol is, perhaps, scarcely a protection to the cyclist's safety. And a valiant woman can perform prodigies with a hat pin. But on the whole discretion is the better part of valour, and the lonely roads are most wisely avoided. It is unjust, however, to suppose that the cycle has increased the danger; the truth lies distinctly on the other side. It has made our roads far safer.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

THE subject of our frontispiece this week is the wife of Sir John Poynder Dickson-Poynder, Bart., M.P. Lady Dickson-Poynder is a daughter of Robert Duncan Dundas, Esq., who married a sister of Lord Napier of Magdala. On another page appears a portrait of the daughter of Sir John and Lady Dickson-Poynder.





**M**R. BALFOUR has performed the operation in Parliament usually known as the Massacre of the Innocents, and thereby reminded us that autumn and grouse-shooting are coming. He holds that the Prorogation ought to take place on August 17th; but it is the business of a House of Commons leader to take a sanguine view, and probably September will be nearly reached before the business is got through. We do not discuss politics here, and so must be content to note that the Bills to be carried through are Loan, Education, Rating, Military Works, Naval Works, Militia and Yeomanry, Factories and Workshops, Royal Titles, and a number of Departmental measures, along with certain others if they are not opposed. This can scarcely be called a light programme to get through before the middle of next month, since several of the proposals are of a highly controversial character. It is more than likely that a second slaughter will have to take place before the way is clear.

The question has often been asked whether England is an artistic nation or not, and no very definite answer was given in the debate in the House of Lords on Monday night. Lord Stanmore, who thinks we are going from bad to worse in the matter of art, and do not know what a beautiful wall-paper or a fine carpet is, proposed a revival of the Royal Commission that sat forty years ago at the instigation of the Prince Consort. Lord Salisbury, in refusing to accede to this request, bluntly answered our question in the negative. He made a second point in showing that official recognition of art is really more mischievous than official neglect. The truth is that neither a book nor a picture can be fairly judged on its first appearance, and any attempt to do so is just as likely to lead to the encouragement of bad as good art. No academy, nor any kindred institution, has so far exercised any beneficent effect on the production of great artistic work. And it is very much better for a Government to ignore it altogether than to take upon itself the judgment of contemporaries. On the other hand, Lord Rosebery's proposal to devote more money to the formation of a really representative national portrait gallery is one that ought to command the fullest sympathy, and, indeed, his subject altogether was one that appeals to those who have the artistic welfare of this country most at heart. Lord Rosebery is almost the only living statesman who really has ideas worth expressing upon the subject.

A Scottish Volunteer won the King's Prize at Bisley, and so upheld the reputation of his country for marksmanship; but it would be difficult to find a more apposite illustration of the manner in which joy and grief mingle in human affairs than the sad event that clouded the triumph of Lance-Corporal Ommundsen. Edinburgh had prepared a great reception for him, but in the very moment of triumph his father died in Edinburgh Infirmary, where he had undergone an operation, and was considered too ill to be told of his son's success. Thus, instead of being the chief guest at a feast, the great shot has to mourn at a funeral. Mr. Ommundsen will probably feel this all the more because he is only a young man of twenty-four, an age when victories are more valued because they please the old folk for their own sakes.

Since the time of Mr. Bradlaugh and those others who helped him to agitate against perpetual pensions, it seems to have been tacitly assumed in this country that all distinguished services should be rewarded, if at all, by the grant of what is elegantly called a "slump sum." The old way was to give annuities for so many lives. Sir J. Outram received £1,000 a year, with continuance to his eldest son, Lord Napier of Magdala £2,000 for two lives, Lord Seaton £2,000 for three lives. Some recent grants may perhaps be said to measure the official view of the services performed. Lord Wolseley received £25,000 after the Ashanti Campaign, and £30,000 after the Egyptian War, and Lord Kitchener was awarded £30,000 for his conduct of the Soudan

operations. But, of course, the Boer War transcends all these in magnitude, and £100,000 cannot be called extravagant for Lord Roberts, although Mr. John Burns did say on a notable occasion that the best man is not worth more than £300 a year. Our own opinion is that the best man anywhere, but particularly in military affairs, is worth his weight in gold over and over again. Further, it should never be forgotten that Lord Roberts laid his own private sorrow aside, and took upon himself the burden of leadership when one of less heroic mould might well have declined.

Lord Roberts, with his invariable good sense, in distributing the prizes at the end of the Bisley Meeting, pointed out what is at present the greatest requirement in England. All the lessons of modern warfare point to decisive marksmanship, and the battles of the future are indisputably in the hands of the best rifles. Even Mr. Bloch has had to admit that artillery is not nearly so destructive as he asserted it would be in his first book. The more deadly it becomes, the more effective are the means taken to avert its destructiveness, and against troops advancing in open formation it can never do the damage that used to result from it in Wellington's days, when attacks were conducted in masses, and the old cannon ball ploughed lanes through living men.

Now the only way to cultivate good shooting in England is by the establishment of rifle ranges. A country so densely populated and highly cultivated is quite unsuitable for such sport as kept the Boer marksmanship efficient, and if ranges are to be provided the only men who can supply them are the owners of the soil. A very practicable way of accomplishing the end in view would seem to be a revival of the ancient village sport which used to be called "shooting at the popinjay." It was invented for the purpose of encouraging peasants and others to familiarise themselves with the use of the longbow. But if for the popinjay were substituted a proper target and the rifle for the crossbow, there is no reason why shooting should not become the same popular village sport that it once was. And the county gentlemen can do nothing more patriotic than lend their land and their energy and whatever means are at their disposal to the formation of ranges and the encouragement of shooting.

It cannot be said with truth that in Mrs. Kruger a political figure has passed away. She was only the wife of the ex-President of the Transvaal, and had little or no claim of her own to distinction. Yet, because certain homely and quiet virtues are rightly prized as much as any greatness, the news of her death has been received with kindly regret. She was indeed the very model and pattern of an old-fashioned Dutch or German *hausfrau*. Mother of twelve children, grandmother of a hundred, uneducated but kind, believing in her husband, yet not tempted to interfere in politics, homely, frugal, and modest, she remained to the end what she had been at the beginning—an unpretentious peasant woman. There is satisfaction in knowing that in her day of trouble, when ex-President Kruger fled with his money-bags and left her in an enemy's keeping, so generous was the treatment she received that not even the worst vilifier of England has made a complaint of it; and the best proof that Mr. Kruger recognised from the first that the anti-English slanders on which he traded were baseless is that he trusted his dearest possession to the clemency of our soldiers, and never had cause to regret it.

People who habitually take houses at Cowes for the summer, or merely for the "week," were complaining bitterly last year of the increasing number of cheap excursions that inundated the little town with orange-eating, perspiring trippers. This year, if present arrangements hold good, there will be some real ground for a grumble on this score, as the likely presence of the good ship *Discovery* will be a magnet for the masses, and a corresponding boon to the steamship companies. There is no apparent reason why an Antarctic exploring vessel should enter the Solent at all, unless—and in this case rumour's myriad tongues will be forsaking their accredited function, and for a change telling the truth—it is to enable the King to visit the ship before her departure South. It is possible, of course, that His Majesty may have made a resolution to do so, for it would but be a token of that peculiar kindness and consideration that enables him in the arrangement of his vast affairs to remember the interests of each and all of his subjects.

A vast deal is being said of the value of the cuttings from the newspapers found in the famous capture of Mr. Steyn's impedita, and the conviction they must bring to certain persons at home of the encouragement that the Boers derive from speeches of the Little Englander people. Doubtless if such persons were willing to be taught, the cuttings might serve them with valuable lessons; but there are those who will not learn; and had they been disposed to learn, there has been plenty to teach them before this latest discovery. We have small hope of

the conversion of a small Engländer soul. But this the discovery does show—that the unhappy Boers must be nearing their last gasp, their last struggle, their last round of ammunition, and that the end must be very close at hand. But what are we to think of those who delude them with false words to persist in a struggle without hope?

In the final match for the Gold Prize, it is the opinion of the best judges that Mr. Eustace Miles showed the finest tennis seen among amateurs since the days of the Heathcote-Lyttelton struggles. Mr. Gribble, too, the holder, whom Mr. Miles beat, played good tennis, and perhaps has never played better, but he had not Mr. Miles's wonderful activity in getting to the ball and returning it. Still, in that second set which tennis players usually regard as the crucial one of the match, Mr. Gribble was very nearly a winner, and had that point just gone the other way, the match might have turned differently. Sir Edward Grey made a very gallant fight with Mr. Miles for the privilege of challenging Mr. Gribble, and seeing how little time Sir Edward is able to give to practice it is remarkable that he should have held the eventual winner as he did. In his match with Mr. Crawley he certainly lasted better than his opponent, and it was his superior endurance mainly that turned the result in his favour. Latham, who has been playing so wonderfully, has shown a little relapse from his best, perhaps owing to the heat, and Fairs, on the other hand, played remarkably well against him at their last meeting.

Out of the contest of words that is going forward in regard to foreigners at Henley Regatta, there is one point that stands out more clearly than all the rest, and that is, that the presence of foreign crews, such as the Pennsylvanian crew this year, gives an interest to the meeting which it would not have if no foreigners were present. The comparison of the different styles of rowing is not only satisfactory to our curiosity, it has even a scientific interest, as a test of the method that we have made classical. The course at Henley may not be the best possible for an International contest, if "*Leander v. Pennsylvania*" is so to be called, but at least it is better than none; and until other arrangements are made, most of us would sooner see foreign crews at Henley than not see them at all.

As the days go on toward the shooting season the reports are, on the whole, reassuring about the grouse. The disease is in certain localities, but where there is immunity from disease the birds are well above the average. But the latest reports from the partridge counties are very bad. The hatch-out was splendid, but a disease that is not fully diagnosed seems to have attacked multitudes of half-grown birds, so that big coveys—and this year the coveys were big—have been cut down to three and four. It is a very disappointing prospect after so fine a promise.

Towards the end of last month we supplemented a note on the scarcity of summer migrants in England with the suggestion that they might have stopped at some earlier stage in their Northward journey. It is interesting to receive a letter, published in our number for July 13th, from Rome, commenting on the very unusual multitude of the swifts which have taken up their quarters there this summer. If correspondents in other places abroad are able to confirm our surmise further, either in regard to the swallow tribe or others of our migrants (for the warblers also have been few), they would be helping with the investigation of an interesting subject. Commonly, we regard migration as determined very largely by the food supply. It is singular that this year, when summer migrants (almost wholly insectivorous) are few, the insect population is very numerous—far more so than is to be explained by the simple absence of the usual number of insect-eaters.

Several of the newspapers seem to think it desirable to wax facetious over what they are pleased to term the events of the drowning season. Sober-minded men and women, however, cannot be otherwise than shocked at the long lists of bathing fatalities that annually fill the columns of the Press during the hot months. It is amazing the manner in which persons who have never been taught to swim venture by themselves into water of uncertain depth; they must either be extremely indifferent as to their lives, or else the hot weather—which, after all, is not absolutely foreign to these islands, however unprepared we may be to endure it—must exert an indefinable and mysterious influence upon them, causing them to plunge into the water willy-nilly, rather than remain on the safe and sultry shore. Many eccentricities of men are attributed to "the heat," but sheer stupidity can surely not be one of its effects. Anyhow, the term "silly season" is clearly not a misnomer.

The canine census of Ireland for the year 1900 has been published, the number of dogs being returned at 407,476, which at 2s. per dog and the stamp duty amounted to £41,133, of which sum £14,033 was paid to the local authorities. The County

Cork maintains the largest number of dogs, viz., 29,874; Donegal comes next with 21,022; and Mayo third with 19,834. There is no doubt whatever but that Ireland is over-dogged, and this fact to a great measure explains why game is getting scarcer and scarcer every day.

A correspondent in Gloucestershire sends us a pretty story of bird love for its young. In an old garden—the house bears the date of 1583—a pair of hedge-sparrows had chosen the centre of a bay tree, "killed down" by the frost, as the site for their nest. A strange selection, as all around grew vigorous trees and shrubs; but the centre of the stool, where the limbs radiate, was just what the hedge-sparrow loves, and here the nest was built. The apparently dead bay tree was a blemish to the place, but the owner, who was learned in tree culture, would not allow the gardener to touch it until the warm weather came, as he said there might be life in the stool, and if cut down to the quick any late frost would kill it at once. A bay tree on the Cotswolds is a rarity, and valued accordingly. In the warmer days in April the gardener sawed the tree down to the stool, and then, and not till then, the nest was discovered. A beautiful object, moss and twigs and soft lining and the four blue eggs, with the bower of dead gold leaves above. The leaves must be sacrificed, and the ruthless hand finished its work, but the nest remained. The hedge-sparrow is a very shy bird, and it was feared the nest might be forsaken. But not so; the mother bird could still be seen sitting, and in due time the young were hatched, and the parent birds flew hither and thither in search of food. The young grew apace, and in a few days the callow bodies were covered with soft grey down. Then came a day of scorching heat, and at midday the sun shone full upon the nest on the south side. A daughter of the house, anxious for their welfare, took a peep at the young birds. Her surprise was great to see the mother bird standing with feet wide apart on the edge of the nest, with her back to the sun, sheltering her nestlings from the fierce beams, beak open, and terrified eyes—in which seemed a dumb appeal for help—looking full at the intruder. She made no attempt to move, but continued her painful self-sacrifice, until the appeal of four wide open yellow mouths aroused her to another duty, and she flew off to satisfy the pressing need. During her absence, a bower of large fern fronds was hastily put up, which supplied the necessary shade, and this lasted until the objects of such tender care were fledged and flown.

In the North of England progressive croquet has quite taken the place of the stricter game at garden parties. It bears much the same resemblance to the older game as progressive whist does to its antecedent. It is played against time, and the hoops "made" are the points counted, as a complete game, from post to post, is never accomplished. Two players, opponents, play at the same time, with two balls each. The aim is to "make" as many hoops as possible in ten minutes, so it follows that unless the enemy is actually in the way, or will displace the other, he is left alone, instead of being harried and "separated," as is found necessary in regular croquet. Time is strictly kept, and the start is exciting. The starter, with stop watch in hand, stands beside the player, who has his ball in exact position in front of the first hoop. "Time" is called, and on the instant the mallet clicks and the ball is through, and the player hurries on to the next hoop, as in the ordinary game. When he misses, the opponent starts, and so also with second balls. It is amusing to see the hitherto slow, tedious players wake up to the fact that they are playing against time. Rapid movements and runs after balls "have changed all that," and the onlookers are mostly absorbed in the game. Ten minutes speed by, and "Time" is called again. The players stop instantly; even if the ball is just ready for the hoop there is no relaxation of the rule. The score is then put down for each player—their turns will come again by and by, the game being played in heats of three. Two more go through the same performance, until all have played and the first round is complete. Then the first two begin again, and their scores are added to the former ones, and so on, the same routine, until the second and third rounds are completed. At the end of the third round, the individual scores are added up, and the winner is rewarded with a small prize, such as a tiny silver spoon, a bunch of roses, or a silver-rimmed photograph. It is a capital game, as so many can play, and the interest to the onlookers is so great.

In the course of last winter most of us fell into the way of regarding the coal-owner as our natural enemy, and it is with a rather vindictive joy, therefore, that we read the glad news that the railway companies have conquered in their demand for coal to be supplied at the contract price of 9s. a ton from South Yorkshire. The collieries were holding out for 10s., but they have yielded. It is a singular comment on the arguments of those who maintained that the new export duty would kill the exportation of coal, that the total shipments from South Wales



(including Monmouthshire) during the last month show an increase of nearly 90,000 tons on the quantity exported in June of last year. From America we hear of a single export order for Venice, of 100,000 tons, being placed with the collieries of East Tennessee and South Eastern Kentucky, but there remains a demand for British coal, notwithstanding.

It is very difficult to understand why lucerne is not more generally sown as a substitute for grass and clover. In places where it has been tried the breaks of it form a very pleasing contrast to the dry and shrivelled grass. The nature of this plant is to send its roots deep down into the soil in search of moisture, and thus, when other crops are practically ruined by drought, it maintains a fresh green appearance. And it requires only a very slight knowledge of scientific agriculture to understand the value to the land of these searching roots. Nothing could be better. Then for practical feeding purposes its value is inestimable, particularly on farms that carry a large herd of

stock. One of the most successful breeders and exhibitors in Great Britain the other day told the writer that he would have been unable to obtain any of his excellent results but for the fact that he had taken to growing lucerne. Experience has taught him also that the hay made from it possesses the highest feeding qualities. Under these circumstances it surely can be no mistake to urge upon farmers the advisability of more extensively growing it.

It is satisfactory to find that the more we hear about the grouse the better the reports seem to be. The first news was bad, that disease, especially in the North, was very rife. It is always the way—that a little affirmative evidence outweighs a deal of negative; and it seems that a few carcasses of grouse, dead from disease, gave the impression that the disease was more general than it is. Scotland is not free of the disease. Is it ever free? But it seems that the disease is only here and there, and that, generally, the grouse are even better than the average.

## WISLEY IN SUMMER-TIME.

WE have written on more than one occasion in COUNTRY LIFE of Oakwood, the beautiful half-wild garden of Mr. G. F. Wilson, F.R.S., about six miles from Weybridge, but year by year it teaches more interesting lessons as the host of plants Mr. Wilson experiments with reveal their likes and dislikes for certain soils and positions. The Oakwood garden is

must meet failure, sometimes through sheer wilfulness in not trying to discover the natural environments of the plants, and sometimes through want of timely help, such as Mr. Wilson's garden affords.

Oakwood is unconventional. Crimson Rambler roses fling their shoots over tree and bush, and a rambling kind has run through to the highest point of a tree upwards of 30ft. high, its cascades of white blossom tumbling over the dense green foliage.



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JAPANESE IRISES BY THE LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

called "experimental," but this is a crude word for a woodland planted with colonies of lilies, and drenched with the perfume of roses and a thousand flowers open in shade and sunlight. It is not a formally set out garden, and it seems to have no set plan, but is simply a place where plants are permitted to spread in their own way, to show the treatment they most enjoy. Of course, such a garden is an immense help to the true gardener—he who wishes to know in what position or soil to put certain things, and save failure and expense. A beginner in gardening

The observant visitor will, even in one visit, see many things. He will discover seedlings of *Lilium szovitzianum* flowering under an apple tree, and brave masses of colour from double crimson sun rose, the taller irises, *I. Monspur*, *L. aurea*, and others, and find delight in the graceful groups of *Campanula lactiflora*, sheaths of delicate blue flowers, or, in the late spring, splashes of intense blue from the spreading masses of *gentianella*.

Those who have read COUNTRY LIFE diligently must

know that at Oakwood the blue primroses were born, a breed raised by Mr. Wilson through skilful crossing and selecting, until a colour approaching a pure blue has been developed to add new charms to the spring garden. Here, in this shady place, where wide grassy paths run into the woodland, and lead to bounteous masses of plants happy in the places which suit them best, the primrose, the hellebore, and the auricula run riot in moisture and half shade, and the blue primroses, perhaps planted against a mossy stone, or by a ditch margin, show their true colouring.

It would be impossible to write about all the lovely plants growing at Oakwood in the space of one article. The garden is a book which must be opened every day in the year to learn its secrets, but at this time one flower is so pre-eminently beautiful in colouring and graceful in bearing, that we must write more of it than even of the superb lily groups in clearings in the wood and less shady spots. A glance at the illustrations will show that this flower is the Japanese iris, or, as the botanists say, *Iris lævigata*, formerly known as *Iris Kämpferi*, and we must use a botanical word to guide an intending purchaser. "Japanese iris" is vague. Many lovely species are from the land of cherry blossom and chrysanthemum, besides the flower represented in the accompanying illustrations. *I. Kämpferi* is the great water flower of Japan, and with the development of a better knowledge of garden plants its use by pond, stream, and even river side is becoming more and more realised. Many desire to make good water gardens, and to know how beautiful a thing is an old bank or water margin

when planted in the way Mr. Wilson has shown at Wisley. Those who desire to do likewise must study closely the illustrations given with these notes. Almost upon entering Oakwood a field of Japanese irises prepares the visitor for the feast of lilies and hardy flowers in the more shady recesses. The Irises are in full exposure, and make rills of colouring in the early July days, trails of flowers following the way of the ditches which run through the field. A traveller in Japan told the writer that not even in that land of irises had he seen a picture so satisfying and beautiful as the ditches of flowers at Oakwood, and the plants are seedlings raised here, those in bloom as shown in the illustrations having been planted about

two years. Mr. Wilson tells his own story in the following words: "We began digging the new broad ditch in the field where there is the greatest breadth of *I. Kämpferi* about three years ago, and planted it with our seedlings, some two years old, and some older, which had been dwarfed by unsuitable situations. It takes about five years with seedlings to get the present effect. There is no difficulty in raising seedlings sown in the open border."

But what soil does the beautiful flower desire? is a question many may ask who wish for a garden of Japanese irises. The soil in the meadow-like acres at Oakwood is simply that of an ordinary field, but in the moist ditch bottom the plants grow and flower luxuriantly. Moisture is the secret of success.

It is utterly impossible to obtain the full beauty of the plants unless the soil is moist. Mr. Wilson has planted one row almost upon the top of the bank, another lower down, and so on till the ditch bottom is reached; and this gradation is interesting from the fact that as the plants approach the bottom so does their growth increase. No object-lesson is more useful than this; it is written on the soil itself, and he who wishes to succeed should take heed of it. The same difference is apparent by the pondside, in another part of the garden, the row by its edge flowering delightfully, but on higher ground a blossom is rare and the growth is poor. Here in a nutshell is the way to grow *Iris lævigata*, and therefore let those who are happy in having streams, ponds, or even rivers, plant in hundreds by their margins the flowers that make Oakwood one of the interesting gardens of the British Isles.



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JAPANESE IRISES BY POND-SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Before the Japanese iris flowers, the iris of Siberia (*I. sibirica*) has lifted its graceful spikes on the bankside, and in this way iris-time begins, when the white lupines are in full blossom.

Those who do not know the Japanese iris will see from our pictures how distinct it is from other species. The growth is grassy and the stems support big flat-shaped flowers coloured with many hues. We dislike the flowers of mosaic colouring, bits of purple-rose and white dabbed upon the broad petals, but we enjoy pure self colours, purple, rose, white, and almost blue, showing clearly above the luxuriant growth in the ditch bottom. The bank tops are covered with tree pæonies, tree lupines of beautiful



colouring and grateful fragrance, and roses, Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and many more of the newer and beautiful kinds raised of late years. Every inch of soil holds something interesting, and the result is a picture of colour, sweet to look upon and yet mutable, for the most restful garden is ever producing fresh and welcome colour. It reflects the seasons of the year, and we find joy in anticipating the things to come while gazing at the things present. The charm of Oakwood is that it is a garden for the whole year; it has colonies of snowdrops, of gentians, of shortia, of schizocodon, and a thousand things as interesting, and its Japanese irises and lilies, in such profusion as to delight even those who are not unaccustomed to the beauty of English gardening.

Lily enthusiasts will at iris time discover noble groups at Wisley. Mr. Wilson is called the Lily King, and has earned the title. Oakwood is a garden of lilies. Big groups of the crimson-flowered *L. superbum* send up their tall shafts of flower stems in many a shady recess, and *L. giganteum* groups are thick with the strong, fleshy stems precious to those who admire the noble stature of this species. There in a suitable spot is the new and much-discussed *L. rubellum*, and elsewhere the beautiful *L. krameri*, which Alfred Parsons in his "Notes on Japan" confesses is the loveliest lily he ever saw. And so we may pursue our subject, and write of the glorious colours of *L. auratum*, and of many other kinds; but to make lists of names is to afflict our readers with matter acceptable only to him who may be accounted a specialist. We are not all specialists, but possess sufficient enthusiasm to realise the importance of the lily in beautifying the garden landscape. A knowledge of gardening—or perhaps we may more truthfully say of plant life—is hard to acquire, and we owe much to Mr. Wilson among others for his ready help in matters of difficulty. Few have taught more thoroughly from actual experience than he has done, and his experiments have made the financial burden of a garden lighter, through a knowledge acquired of where to plant things with slight risk of failure. Of the glorious water-lilies basking upon the water's surface, gorgeous flowers resplendent in colouring, of the leafy gunneras by the margin, and the water-side flowers generally, we have already written. It is the great water flower of Japan, the Japanese iris, which we wish our readers to know the true value of in the water-gardening fast becoming popular among us.

Mr. Wilson is establishing near his residence, Heatherbank, Weybridge Heath, a cottage garden on a similar plan to Oakwood. This is of smaller area, but it is getting into shape, groups of lilies, of ferns, and of hardy flowers generally forming brave masses already. In the course of a few years this will be an Oakwood in miniature, a home of lilies, and deriving added beauty from the leafy surroundings.

Mr. Wilson's unceasing kindness, and his unflagging interest



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IN THE IRIS FIELDS AT WISLEY.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"



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SIMPLE GROUPING.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"



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LUPINE AND SINGLE ROSE—A CORNER OF A FIELD.

"C.L."



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JAPANESE IRISES IN DITCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in his experimental garden at Wisley, have for many years won our admiration, and we tender him our sincere thanks for many happy and instructive days spent among the flowers at Oakwood and Heatherbank.

## ON THE GREEN.

It is not nearly the fun that it used to be to be a champion; that is to say, that you are by no means allowed to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of that position, without challenge, as used to be the case. The golf champion of the year is now expected to take up every glove that may be thrown to him. Therefore, we now see Braid no sooner winning the championship than he has to enter on a series of exhibition matches with Taylor, Vardon, Kirkaldy, and others, such as Fernie here and Herd there; whereas in the old time he would have sate aloft on his championship, and no man would have questioned his position (at least, such questions would have been put with much less frequency) until the next anniversary of the championship. Of course, if there was much more *otium* and much more dignity about the older

was beaten without winning a hole, although he was playing fine golf. Taylor did win a hole on the bye, his only win. It is terrible work, this continuing to halve holes in perfect play; and probably the golf that these three, Braid, Taylor, and Vardon, are playing just now is the best that ever has been played. At Lytham the champion beat the other two in successive rounds, as stated; but on the West Lancashire Club's course, immediately after, Taylor, in two scoring rounds, had the better of him, and Herd got his nose in front of Vardon.

Amongst minor matters, the Parliamentary Tournament has concluded with Mr. Biddeley's win over Mr. R. Cavendish. The winner has shown form better than his handicap indicates in several of his matches.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

## A CLASSIC TERRACE.

OUR illustration of this remarkably beautiful scene deserves to rank high among garden pictures. The place gains much from its surroundings, for the garden is that of Stoneleigh Abbey, the seat of Lord Leigh, and the river is the classic Avon, which spreads out into a mirror-like expanse to reflect the features of a glorious landscape, and lend its supreme charm to one of the most beautiful gardens in England. It was a most happy conception which brought it to the margin of such a terrace. The district is on the verge of the forest of Arden, famous for its associations with the immortal Shakespeare, and at Stoneleigh we are verily in that country of the greenwood. Shakespeare must have known the beautiful gatehouse of Stoneleigh Abbey, and legend hath it that he penned some of his great conceptions beneath the shadow of an oak in the park. Since that time the changes have been great indeed; the noble, classic mansion of Lord Leigh has risen by the river, and the gardens were laid out about the year 1720, and the stately pile overlooks the Avon, with its pleasure grounds planned and adorned in the taste of France and Italy, while its smooth-shaven lawns and umbrageous expanses are the features of a very beautiful landscape.



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A COLONY OF JAPANESE IRISES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

STONELEIGH ABBEY: THE WATER TERRACE

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OUR typical English villages have previously been selected from the South, and a change to the North will probably be very welcome. Etal is in the county of Northumberland, about twelve miles south of Berwick-on-Tweed, and in the heart of a district full of the most romantic associations. What it was in the past is symbolised by the ruins of the stronghold of the Manners family, one of those great castles before whose walls in the old days of "ffra and foray" the might and manhood of England and Scotland met in many a fierce conflict, a fit companion to Norham and Twizell and Ford and Copeland and Wark, places whose very names resound with memories of battle. But, as the old ferryman used to say when questioned on the point, "That was afore my time." The steel-clad warriors have long given place to quite other inhabitants. Etal as we know it is the sweetest and most peaceful of villages, a picture of absolute rest on a summer evening, when smoke curls slowly up from the chimneys of its thatched cottages, and nothing seems

the castle from a bridge, and when the river is low and clear the ruins of the latter can still be seen but every vestige of the highway that led to it has been devoured by "the little blades of grass," and from the southern side Etal can be approached only by the ferry, or a ford with stepping-stones. The photograph conveys a fine idea of "the dark and sullen Till," as Sir Walter called it. You can see the avenue, and the bridge was a little above the trees on the right bank. Far away is just a suggestion of Crookham village, and beyond it "Flodden's fatal field, where shivered was fair Scotland's shield and broken was her spear." And a little imagination will construct the blue rangs of Cheviots, unchanged now from what they were when they rang to the slogan of the Musgraves and looked down on endless strife. Winding and winding among green haughs flows the Till, lined thickly at this season with sedges—locally called seggs—the wild yellow iris, and set with many willows. They grow now as chance wills, but time was when they had great uses. Out of them baskets were woven, and they were employed,



W. Green.

THE VILLAGE.

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to stir except the noisy jackdaws ever fluttering about the tower. Creeping ivy has softened the appearance of these stark walls. Starlings, owls, and half-wild pigeons nest in the loopholes whence arrows used to be shot; and instead of the "All's well" of the stern sentinel, there is only to be heard at night the owl's melancholy "Too-who." It is a place in which to realise how effectively Time's effacing finger works. A broad avenue still leads up to

too, in the ancient straw beehives or skeps; but no basket-maker lives there now, and the bar-frame hive has replaced the straw skep. So the willows remain, and add to the quiet, neglected kind of beauty that characterises the river here. It is much like a lake, and teems with pike. I remember once a well-known fishing character capturing nineteen in a single afternoon. He took the first with a lump of fat bacon, and the



rest with the entrails of those previously caught. And the stretch of water above the tree has a very personal interest to myself, because here my first pike was killed. I was angling for perch with an extremely light trout rod belonging to a lady, and had hooked a very small one, when suddenly the reel began to fly round and the line to go out. I think I see it now on the surface of the water, for the pike, having got rid of the perch bait, somehow managed to retain the hook firmly fastened to his under lip, and, feeling uncomfortable, came to the surface and made a glorious jumping and splashing. A very small boy myself at the time, I was accompanied by one still smaller, who got hold of the line and towed our captive into a shallow bay. Like Friar Tuck, he was more than half exhausted, for your pike is a bully and loses heart more quickly than does a game little trout of half the size. Yet he had pluck enough left to resent

being led ignominiously captive by a small boy in a pinafore, and, of course, he broke the line, and would have escaped but that we flung ourselves frantically upon him in the water and drew him forth in triumph. This brief anecdote—and I could give another for each bend, crook, bay, or hole—will at least suggest to the angler what Till is like above Etal, that is, say, as far as it washes the land of Ford estate. Further down it undergoes a complete change of character. The ferry is about 200yds. or so above the cauld or old mill dam, which accentuates the



W. Green.

THE CASTLE COTTAGE.

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pond-like nature of the water above it. But when once it has tumbled over this obstacle, the water breaks away in a

hundred pretty streams, each of which is a joy to the trout fisher's heart. But how quickly "Oblivion scattereth her poppy!"

You look at the picture in vain for ruins of the mill, or at least not quite in vain, for close inspection of the right bank will disclose an arch over what was once a sluice for driving the mill wheel. Within living memory a great mill clacked in that wood, and the wheel remained there till within a comparatively short



W. Green.

THE CASTLE KEEP.

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time ago. Now there is only the cauld. Below it are a ford and a set of stepping-stones, very beautiful and irregular. They

are little used now, because people are so prosperous that the fare across the ferry is nothing to them. Otherwise was it for three-fourths of last century, when wages were mostly paid in kind and coppers were scarce in poor men's pockets. From simple motives of economy the stepping-stones were frequently used, and I am not sure, after all, whether the simple peasants about here, that Thomas Bewick used to draw with so loving a humour, were not happier than those who succeeded them, better off though the latter be in every material respect. And there is one type of mankind that one rejoices to think will always be impecunious, and that is "the soaring human boy." As long as a jackdaw or an owl builds in the castle ruins, so long will the adventurous urchin endeavour to cross by these stones, and when he comes back heavily laden with eggs in his hat, young birds in his pocket, and dirty face and torn garments, he will tumble at the difficult stones, and his treasure, like the coffin of St. Cuthbert, float gaily down to Tweed. After it leaves Etal, the Till is a gay and sparkling



W. Green.

THE CASTLE RUINS.

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W. Green.

## THE CAULD, FORD, AND STEPPING-STONES.

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river; it goes singing round the tiny fern-clad islands, and dancing between braes once set with hazel and hawthorn, but now partly planted with conifers.

Although Etal is so close to the river, so thick are the woods that no suggestion of the fact is supplied by the village street, which is very typical of the sort that used to prevail in the North, but which now has practically disappeared. Etal itself is being rapidly transformed, little ugly semi-genteel modern villas being built to replace the old cottages. It is a great pity that pains are not taken to preserve the ancient characteristics. In *COUNTRY LIFE* we have frequently shown photographs of new cottages, built to the designs of some of our most enlightened architects, that would fit in here exactly; but nowhere more than in Northumberland are æsthetic considerations neglected. The so-called model cottages put up on various estates might have been taken direct from those Model Building Bye-laws whose withdrawal we managed to secure. However, there are bits of Etal that remain quite unchanged, and among them is the Black Bull Inn, an excellent example of the Northumbrian village public-house. There is accommodation now for tourists and others, but the interesting and amusing part is the ordinary tap-room, with its sanded floor and general air of an ancient change house. The Northumbrian

rustic is, as a rule, one of the most temperate in Great Britain, and this small hostelry serves the legitimate purpose of providing refreshment for man and beast; at least, that used to be so, for I speak of the past more than of the present. Or either side are capital specimens of the ordinary workaday labourers' cottages of Northumberland as they were originally built, not to be picturesque, but to be lived in. Yet, truth to say, the Etal cottages are better to look at than to live in. They are especially bright in summer. Etal has long had a reputation for its village gardens, which are enclosed with hedges clipped to an almost topiarian perfection, and have flower borders relieving the rows of useful but not ornamental vegetables. One of the greatest favourites is the pansy and its relatives the viola and the fragrant little violettæ. There is a villager who is an expert at producing new varieties, and his garden is particularly gay with

them. Only thatched houses are shown in the photograph, but the roof of red pantiles is quite as characteristic of the county. I wish it had been practicable to show the interior of a real old-fashioned Northumbrian cottage, or, at any rate, the kitchen. First, it has an open grate with a swey. (We must really try to get pictures, for description is so difficult.) A swey is a semi-gipsy bit of furniture on which the kettle usually hangs; but it also supports the girdle for baking cakes, barley



W. Green.

## THE FERRY.

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bannocks, and tea-cakes, which in Etal are called "neddies," but in other parts of the county go under the name of "singing binnies." Then there is a dresser set out with the earthenware plates and old blue china of the household, and a large box bed under which the family store of potatoes is kept. Yet these things are all disappearing. Cheap kitchen ranges are put in the new cottages, and iron bedsteads are replacing the others.

No description of a North Country village would be satisfactory without a reference to its religion, and Etal is typical in this as in nearly every respect. Among the poor Presbyterianism is the prevailing creed, and the "meeting house" is close to the castle ruins. We do not show it, because nowhere more than in the construction of their Northumbrian places of worship did the Presbyterians exhibit their stern love of what is plain and austere. That in itself might be wrong—it is a matter of opinion—but there can be no doubt about the building being quite unsuitable for pictorial representation. At the other end of the village are a very pretty cottage,



W. Green.

THE INN.

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a modern church, and a plain substantial mansion. The latter up to within very recent times was the residence of Lady FitzClarence, the memory of whose fine and stately figure, so expressive of her kind and saintly character, is still cherished in the district. Several portraits of the famous Mrs. Jordan and relics of King William IV. used to be kept at the mansion, but on the death of Lady FitzClarence the property was bought by Sir James Laing, who lives there now. The house has no extraordinary architectural merit, but the grounds and surroundings are very fine, and include a "wilderness," a good avenue, and a beautiful woodland way along the margin of Till laid out by Lady FitzClarence.

### HARVESTING IN . . . . FRANCE . . .

FRANCE is a country of some singular contradictions. This sententious observation is not intended merely as general reflection, but one that has rather a special bearing on a certain feature of life as we, who look at it with the critical eye of the foreigner, observe it both in town and country. Paris today strikes us more particularly as the city of motor-cars. Paris has other features, no doubt, but with them we have more or less previous acquaintance. The novelty that impresses us is the perilous darting hither and thither of the automobiles, to the danger of each other and of pedestrians. It is by no means impossible that when we leave Paris, and go to a French country house or to a seaside town, we shall travel by motor-car, so universal is its use in preference to the railway. Here, along the great French highways, we may go at thirty miles, or a good many miles more, in the hour, and nobody is "one penny the worse," because these magnificent roads are so wide. On our own little roads a pair of automobiles can hardly go abreast; but space is precious on an island.



M. Emil Frechon.

TINKERING HIS SCYTHE.

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The conclusion we come to, on viewing the motor-cars rushing about the streets of Paris, is that here we are in the country of a people vastly more intelligent than ourselves in all that relates to mechanical invention and improvement. We are in the country of a people quick to estimate the value of a new thing, and to make the most and the best of it; among a clever people, with a special bent towards the mechanics. And then we go out on the broad highways, or on the railways that traverse the land: and there we see the people, engaged in their agricultural labours, tilling the soil, sowing the seed, or reaping the harvest, and all with the very simplest weapons of primitive toil, weapons that we, who go about our great metropolis of London in lumbering slow coaches, which we call omnibuses, have relegated long ago to the limbo of the past. We see these peasant people of France working away at their harvest—and a right good harvest too, as a rule—with the scythe, the sickle, and an abundance of manual labour that does not look at all as if a "rural exodus" were threatening the fair land of France. No more it does so threaten it; but the reasons of that are, for the moment, another story.

What immediately strikes us is the contrast between the mechanical taste and ingenuity, and the readiness to adopt the mechanical means, shown by the people darting about in their automobiles, and the old-world fashion of the agricultural labour that we see throughout the length and breadth of the rural districts of the same land. Of course France is a mightily centralised country. Her best gravitates to Paris, even more certainly than our best to London; and Paris, in comparison with France, is but a very little city, according to the standard of relationship between country and metropolis suggested by the thought of our own great London and our own little England.

But still, for all that centralisation of the brain of the nation, it is not to be believed that that is the reason the French

they put in the land and in taking the fruits off the land is a labour of love, for the fruits will satisfy their own hunger or sell for francs to put by in their Government stocks. In a word, the Frenchman, though he is a wretched failure as a colonist, has solved the land question that we have ever found insoluble. We may recognise that it is the right solution, but have never arrived at



M. Emil Frechon.

## AT WORK.

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the means for putting it into effect. We have our growing dearth of agricultural labour, because it is paid labour, because the produce of the labour is another's, and for some reason we have made small success of our experiments in allotments.

We have not a people trained up in the way of a peasant proprietorship. Our agricultural people find the life in the country dull, with an exceeding monotony that we may imagine would be greatly relieved if they had the knowledge that the labour was for their own profit in its produce. But these are problems very hard to solve. We have found them so far insoluble. It cannot but fill us with a regret that we manage these things less well at home when we see the content and prosperity of the peasantry of France. And the fact that they are

peasantry—true peasant proprietors—is the reason that we see them (part of a nation gifted with the mechanical genius above its fellow-nations of the earth) using the instruments of agricultural labour that were in vogue in the earliest days of the mystery of Tubal Cain. The sickle that these people are using for the harvest might be the instrument of the harvest-field of Boaz where Ruth went garnering. These people of France, however, are not like Boaz; they are not men of riches, at least not of large landed possession, though there is much wealth among the French peasant people. And it is because they are mostly a small people, financially, and with but a small harvest-field, that they work with the primitive instruments, and that the machine, for agricultural business, has not made great way among them.

Out of this lot of whom we have secured portraits, there is but one who is working with any mechanical contrivance

additional to the simple sickle and scythe, and this is he who is TINKERING HIS SCYTHE, to which is attached a catcher, that is common in the harvest-fields of France, and is of a charming ingenuity and simplicity, for catching an armful, so to speak of it, of the swathe, as it falls to the scythe's stroke, so that it can be laid down, by a simple movement on the



M. Emil Frechon.

## DEJEUNER.

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are such advanced mechanics in the metropolis and such primitive workers in the country. The reason of that is that the country people, the harvest gatherers, are peasants in the true sense, in a sense that we in England scarcely understand. They are peasant proprietors, the land on which they work is their own, the harvest that they gather is their own, the labour that



mower's part, in a bundle of convenient size for THE GATHERER to put up into the sheaf. The gatherer is here, but only accidentally, of the feminine sex; for in this business of the French harvesting man, woman, and child, heads of the family and its tails, join together in a pleasant good humour and *camaraderie* that must help the work along not a little. If there be any really too tiny to aid in the gathering, they may be of use in bringing out from the house the simple *déjeuner* to the worker in the field. It makes a nice family group beneath the oat-sheaf's shade.

In this country of France it is not only a question of cutting your coat according to your cloth, that is to say according to your cornfield, but also according to your scissors, that is to say your corn-cutting tools. There are not scythes enough to go round a family, most likely, even if scythes were the weapons for the ladies. The sickle will fit their hands and their strength better. There is something wonderfully picturesque in the curve of the blade of either scythe or sickle. In the magnificent scale, the late Mr. Frederick Walker appreciated and perpetuated this, in his jolly picture of "The Harvest Moon," where the lines of the two scythe blades are such a feature against the twilight sky; and in his own little way our photographer has caught a bit of the same charm here, in his portrait of the girl SHARPENING HER SICKLE—that might serve as a model of a modern Diana with the crescent moon in her hands. But she is a Diana of Pomona's train—a huntress of the fruits of the earth, rather than of its feral things.

One does not know whether we still have in England any who profess themselves altogether contented with agricultural affairs as they are, with the state of the agricultural labour market and the temper and the working capacity of the labourer. Some men will be convinced by no facts and no figures. The hedger and ditcher, the thatcher, the worker at all the simpler and yet necessary trades in the country, are dying out of the land, and none are growing up to replace them. Far be it from us to give a slap to the sacred face of education and the Board School teacher, but some influence (either that or another) is making the boys too proud, too conceited, or too something to do the work that it really seems necessary someone should do. We multiply our

imagine nothing more potent for their awakening out of this pleasant dream of a fool's paradise, than a glimpse at the peasant-folk of France at work—not only in the harvest-field, but in any other of the scenes of labour that the agricultural, pastoral, fruit-growing, or what it may be, life shows—a glimpse that would reveal the difference between the light-hearted and ever jovial content of this French peasantry and the somewhat desperate air of very many of our own agricultural people. And is this difference caused by the mere fact that they are peasantry in its best sense—that is, peasant proprietors? The writer, at least, is fully convinced that it is. The fact that it is for their own hand that



M. Emil Frechon.

## SHARPENING HER SICKLE.

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they are working, seems enough to make all the difference. It is the writer's lot to live in a land where he sees a great deal of peasant proprietorship, in a land of large commons, where there are many commoners, each with his own tiny holding, and with rights of grazing, of litter cutting, and the rest, over a large area. If the writer's theory, to account for the greater cheerfulness of the French peasantry as compared with our agricultural labourer, be correct, these commoners ought to be a deal more cheerful and contented than the ordinary labourer. And, as a matter of fact, they are. They live no differently, they have no other sources of amusement, they do not eat and drink more than the ordinary labourer; and probably the hours of their daily labour are more than his; but they are working all the time for their own hand; they are working with a personal interest in the produce of the work. It makes all the difference.

The conclusion seems conclusive (which all conclusions are not) in favour of a peasant proprietorship. But how is it to be brought about? That is another, a far more intricate, question. The ordinary labourer, given an allotment, seldom shows cheerfulness in working it. He is put at once into a strange situation. He is not an accommodating person; he has little adaptability, commonly, and he is a failure. Perhaps we must catch him young, and train him up to be a good peasant proprietor. Do not let us, at least, give up the notion as unsuitable to the national genius or the national climate until we have made a little further trial of it than we have made yet. It is a problem that deserves the attention of the best brains, and is hard enough to tax them. Let us

not come to the lamentable conclusion that all hand labour has to be given up before the competition of the machine. If these people of France make the agriculture pay (and make it pay they do) in their hand-to-mouth, scythe-and-sickle way, why should it be impossible for us to make it pay likewise? Our soil is not so very different. Only, we must not be contented with short-sighted views. We may not solve the problem in one year, or even in one generation, but it is a problem that looms for the twenty-first century, so far as we can forecast it, at least fully as large as for the twentieth—unless, be it understood, we solve it first.



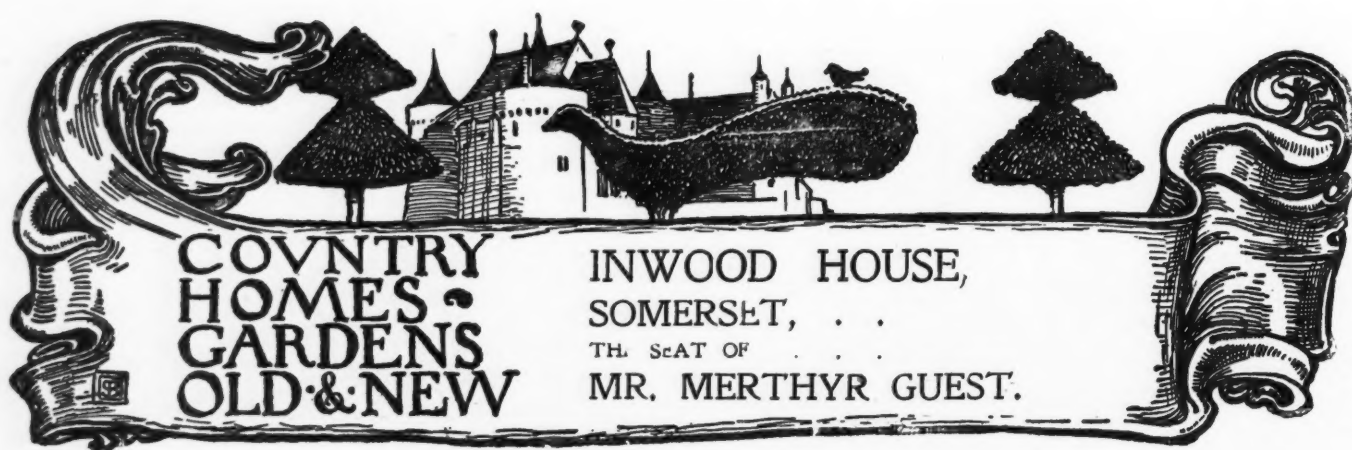
M. Emil Frechon.

## THE GATHERER.

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mechanical contrivances, but still, at the end, there must, it seems, be some residuum of human hewers of wood and drawers of water. There are some acts so simple and at the same time needing such deftness, that you want a thing with two hands and ten fingers to do them. The machine cannot. And it is these acts that we cannot get done for us under our newest conditions. We cannot see the end of it.

But there are those, as we said, that these facts will not convince—perhaps that nothing will convince; but if anything at all is likely to convince them that the state of our agricultural people is not, to put it gently, all that it might be, we can



THE interesting place of Mr. and Lady Theodora Guest lies just over the Somersetshire border on the way from Blandford to Wincanton, and in a country well known to readers of the novels of Thomas Hardy. Even the traveller who is carried through the land swiftly by the railway never fails to admire the sweet pastoral beauty of the region. The wide fertile sweep of the Vale of Blackmore, familiar to many who follow the hounds, is celebrated for the richness of its soil, which gives pasture to great herds of cattle, and prosperity to one of the finest dairying districts in England. In this region are made huge quantities of cheese and butter, and hence the London market is plentifully supplied. The district does not lack the great charm of foliage, for the soil that gives fatness to cattle and swine favours the growth of the oak, and the oak woodland is very beautiful hereabout. In ancient times forest overspread the land, and legend hath it that here Henry III. hunted a white hart, and, moved by its beauty, spared its life. But, according to Fuller, one Thomas de la Lynd slew the hart, and, for not opposing him in this, the

country was mulcted in a fine called "white-hart silver"; and Fuller himself paid a share for the sauce, who never tasted the meat.

Inwood House, standing close to the old village of Henstridge, is a structure of some antiquity, which has undergone many changes, not markedly picturesque, except on the front we depict, where, indeed, there is a good deal of quaintness in the varied gables and effective skyline, and especially is the porch surmounted by old Italian ironwork, and some admirable little musical *amorini* in lead. Here is a charm not familiar in English houses, imparting an original and pleasant character to a very attractive place.

It has been the delight of Mr. Guest to adorn his pleasure grounds with fine leaden figures—the works of old masters in that neglected art. We have many a time spoken of the extreme beauty of the colour of old lead, and its great suitability for garden work. Far better is its hue than the garish blaze of marble, or even than the fine character of bronze. In old English gardens leaden figures were not uncommon, and in many







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APEX OF TRIANGULAR HERBACEOUS GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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OLD WATER TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of them, as at Melbourn in Derbyshire, they still remain. Mr. Guest has exercised eclectic taste, and has brought to his Somersetshire home examples of English skill both in lead and iron, and also of the work of French and Italian hands. The result is admirable, and in few places can there be so good a collection. The many ancient leaden figures, vases, water-tanks, and cisterns are well placed for effect, sometimes standing apart, and in other cases framed, as it were, in niches in the hedges of hornbeam or yew. These charming examples of garden sculpture thus give the air of an old-world pleasure to this garden, though, in fact, it is comparatively modern, nearly the whole having been laid out within the last twenty years.

Among the many sculptured adornments of the place is a fine bronze reproduction of the famous Laocoon, attributed to Agesander, Polydorus and Athenodorus, the Rhodians.

The unhappy son of Priam and Hecuba, gripped in the horrid coils of the vengeful serpents, as, with his two boys, he offered sacrifice to Poseidon on behalf of the Trojans, does sometimes appear in gardens, without, however, lending the charm of repose that we love in our pleasure-grounds. Evelyn found a Laocoon at St. Cloud, amid the multitude of statues there, and describes in glowing terms the Laocoon Fountain, which threw the water nearly 40ft. high, and was a "surprising object." The statuary group in question marks the strong recoil from the effeminate style of the Praxitelean School, and possesses anatomic exaggeration and unsculpturesque energy of action that caused Ruskin to say no group had ever exercised so pernicious an influence on art. There is a lesson here. Let us admire the Laocoon at Inwood House, which, indeed, is not used there as a garden feature, but let us recognise that a figure in repose is more suitable for our



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THE CARRIAGE-WAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

garden adornment—a gladiator resting after his toil or a Narcissus pensive by his pool.

Remembering the comparatively recent period within which the garden at Inwood has been formed, it will be seen that a great deal has been attained. The hornbeam hedges are a distinctive feature and are particularly fine. In our picture of the long walk some of them are seen, which surround three sides of a square, and are hollowed out for walking under, thus being examples of an unusual kind of work. There are fine hollow yew hedges at Elvaston in Derbyshire, the Earl of Harrington's place, but these hornbeam hedges at Inwood have a character of their own. Other hedges of the kind surround the herbaceous garden, which is glorious in its abundance of flowers, and is characteristic in being triangular in shape. The great hornbeam hedges present a fine contrast to the rich glow of the flower-beds, over



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*THE LION GATE.*

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*THE LONG WALK AND HORNBEAM HEDGES.*

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Copyright

## HERBACEOUS GARDEN AND HORNBEAM HEDGES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which leaden deities look from their niches in the green. On the outer side of these hedges, with most charming effect, run yew hedges of lesser height. The combination is rare and very beautiful, and it will be seen how Mr. Guest has emphasised the features of his triangular garden by placing handsome vases outside at the angles, as well as the figures of lead within. There is originality also in the character of the rose garden.

Few garden-makers can rival Mr. Guest in his successes, but our pictures will enable many to admire what he has

accomplished. Let it be noticed that the carriage drive, where the peacocks love to sun themselves, is flanked by old Italian ironwork. Observe also the lovely Italian gate, with the fruit-bearing cupids on the gate-posts. The lion gate, again, with its strange grotesque monsters, is extremely good. But to describe much further is unnecessary, since our pictures illustrate many of the best examples, though by no means all. They have been designed to show the variety of the leadwork—to contrast the picturesque figures of the Musician and the Dancer with the



THE MINSTREL.

THE FORESTER.  
THREE LEADEN FIGURES.

THE DANCER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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simplicity of classic figures, and this again with the richness and beauty of the figure-supported urns.

In wood and lawn this sweet Somersetshire garden is rich. There are trees of singular beauty planted for the colour-effect of their foliage, disposed in groups and masses, and there are individual trees of fine and impressive character. We have surveyed many fine and beautiful gardens, and we must conclude by saying that that which Mr. Guest and Lady Theodora Guest have adorned, ranks with the fairest of them, and has a distinction quite its own.

## THE COMMANDEERING OF THE SCOT.

McTURK sat at his farmhouse door, puffing his pipe and watching his cattle steal slowly across the valley. Not a bad lot of cattle, not a bad farm; of course, the veldt was not the Highlands, but it was a fairly good place. He had made a home, and saved a little money, and perhaps in a few years he would return to the bonnie land of his birth, and take to wife the braw lassie, and own his gun and his rod, his dog, and his bit of land. Perhaps—if war did not march with bloody feet across the veldt where his farm lay.

Silence hung over the hills and valleys; only sleepy cattle were visible, with occasional birds flitting 'twixt earth and sky; here and there a clump of aloe, an ant-hill, a hare creeping above a kopje. Nothing spoke of war—a war between the old country and this vast, trackless, silent continent.

McTurk sat in the twilight and smoked. He tried to picture a cloud of men, Englishmen, with glittering bayonets, swooping down yonder hill, and filling the grey valley at his feet. Rather a goodly sight. One to make the churlish Boers, who were his only neighbours, treat him and his farm with more respect. He pictured a regiment in gay colours marching up that hill; stout laddies in kilts and fluttering caps, laddies with music in their voices—and death in their arms when they charged. And hark to the bagpipes! What matter if war did march to his farm? Eh, but he'd welcome war if it brought his countrymen with their swords and their pipes. He would kill his cattle for them, and shoulder a rifle himself, and march with them to victory.

He counted his cattle, silhouetted against the red sky, and wondered when the soldiers would come; and he unslung his rifle, and stood in his doorway cleaning it, humming an old Scottish war song. And so they found him, the Cornet and his troop.

"You expected us, then?" they said, in bad English.

McTurk started, and turned. That was no British voice! Still holding his rifle, he counted the men, took stock of their appearance, saw they were well armed and mounted, and then continued cleaning his firearm.

"Eh, we were expecting you, but we're not quite ready; we haven't *all* arrived. If you'd call later——"



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INWOOD HOUSE: THE ROSE BOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE LAOCOON IN BRONZE.

"C.L."

"Come on, get your best horse and follow us."

"We'll be following you in a few days, I kent; maybe too quickly for your pleasure."

The Cornet signed to his men, and they closed up.

"Now then, you Scotch fellow, you've got to come and fight with the Boer Army. You're 'commandeered'—d'you understand?"

McTurk shook his head. "You ken I come from the Hielands?"

The Boer nodded.

"Then you ken I can fight?"

"Yes."

"Then if you're a wise man you'll gang awa'."

The Cornet made a sign to the half-dozen men surrounding McTurk, who promptly tried to seize him. They were big men, but, as McTurk said, "they weren't Hielanders," and so they got hurt. A couple were felled like oxen, a third found himself

entering the farmhouse kitchen over McTurk's head, so the fourth wisely battered the Scotchman with his rifle whilst the others ran a rope round him, and tied him to one of the horses. Then they bound up their comrades' wounds, drank all the liquor they could find, broke up the furniture, and rode off with their victim to the Boer camp.

"You shall pay for this, curse you," muttered the Cornet to the dangling body of McTurk.

"But you ken I can fight?" gasped McTurk. "Weel, there are a thousand itherers from the same country as mysel' who'd consider me no fighter at all, and they'll be making your acquaintance very soon. Maybe you'll ken what fighting means then."

A day later, the Boer camp was reached, and McTurk was brought before the "Colonel."

"Look here," said he, "you've got to fight; do you want persuading?"



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INWOOD HOUSE: THE FRUIT URN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The Scotchman smiled. "You maun ask the owners of the heads I cracked yesterday."

"You'll be attached to the artillery. If you don't do your duty, I'll have you tied to one of the guns until you're killed by your own cursed countrymen."

"Never fear, but I'll do my duty," said McTurk.

He was seized and passed on to the front; he was carefully watched, and when the battle began he was placed with one of the guns on a prominent kopje, where the fight was sure to wax most fiercely. His rifle had been taken from him, but he calmly lit a pipe and watched the coming contest. The battle opened, and far away across the valley McTurk caught the flutter of a kilt and the glint of a bayonet. He nudged the gunner beside him: "Do you ken what that means?"

The Boer shook his head. McTurk grinned. "Stop just where you are, mon, and you'll soon discover."

One by one the Boer guns opened fire, and presently it was the Scotchman's turn. The gun was sighted and loaded, and the order was given to McTurk to fire. Standing with his back to the weapon, McTurk took his pipe from his mouth and shook his head.

"Fire!"

"You munna fire this gun while I'm here."

In a second McTurk was seized, and by the "Colonel's" orders he was tied fast to the limber of the gun. "You're fond of fighting—you'll have a good view there—good-bye."

The gun roared.

Presently shells began to burst and men began to fall.

McTurk raised his head, and a smile once more stole across his face.

"Fire away, lads," he roared to the Boer gunners; "I'm getting a beautiful view of the British; fire away, it encourages them."

But the guns one by one ceased to roar.

Shot shrieked through the air; bullets pattered on the rocks like rain drops, and the shrapnel whistled overhead. The Scotchman faced it with a beaming smile and a sparkling eye.

Far off, in the distance, mingling with the rush and cry of shot and shell, he heard an ever-recurring roar, rising and falling like the waves on a sea-coast. It was some years since he had heard those sounds—these were as music in his ears.

It was music—the music of a thousand British voices borne across the African veldt.

"Do you ken what that means?" he shouted to the wavering Boers; "they're going to charge. Hark!" as there came a sudden lull in the battle-storm, and the notes of a bugle rang faintly—"they're coming!"

There was a glitter as of sunlight on the plain below, and the Lancers thundered towards the kopje.

With his arms still tied tightly behind him, McTurk jumped on the limber, and shouted at the advancing body of men:

"This way, boys—come on! Here they are—come on—hurrah!" And as if in answer a great cheer rent the air.

And then the horses stumbled, and the lances flashed among the retreating Boers.

Tied to the limber, McTurk could not move, but he yelled and shouted and swore, until a Lancer charged down on him, and he fell senseless beneath the gun. And there they found him five hours later, with bleeding wrists and a broken head, but a smile still on his face.

When he opened his eyes again it was in the hospital ward. For some time he could not remember what had happened. Then the man on his right—a wounded officer of the Lancers—spoke: "You're the fellow we found tied to the limber of a Boer gun, are you not?"

McTurk turned his head and grinned. "Thank you, sir, for reminding me. I was just wondering who I was. I remember now. I was commandeered by the Boers, and because I refused to fight my countrymen, a blackguard, calling himself a colonel, had me tied to the gun. I was watching the boys charge and cheering them on, when one of the fellows was idiot enough to mistake me for a Boer, and cracked my head open. Pity he didn't crack the 'Colonel's' head."

The officer chuckled. "He did."

The man on McTurk's left moved uncomfortably in his cot. The Scotchman raised himself on his elbow. It was the Boer "Colonel"!

McTurk nodded pleasantly. "Eh, mon, but I'm glad to see you there. I want to talk to you about that gun—d'you ken?"

Ere the Boer "Colonel" left that hospital the Scot was revenged.

ARTHUR APPLIN.

## GUNS AND GAME.

I AM afraid there always will and must be croakers in every branch of sport, just as there are those who tell you that the world is coming to an end, and that all spare time should be spent in preparation for the great fatality. But although pheasants are "dying by hundreds," and grouse are reported to have disease in several places widely separated on the map of Scotland, I find that most men in their madness are behaving just as if the world would last over the shooting season, as if there are thousands of living pheasants for every hundred of dead ones, and as if grouse disease had never been heard of in Scotland. I have asked a good many men who have



moors every year what the prospects of sport are, and they all assure me that they are first-rate as far as they know, but I do not pay any great attention to these reports—I know them of old. It is too early, at the beginning of July, for the Scotch keepers to have found out for themselves what the prospects are, and those newspaper reporters who keep the daily Press informed generally begin several weeks before the first young grouse has broken its shell, and they tell you also how many the broods average long before the young birds all rise together and give a chance to count them.

Nevertheless, reports do find their way South that are more or less reliable, and the letting of moors, the buying of dogs, and the selling of guns, are all indications of the kind of reports that there are coming from those few game-keepers who go to pains to find out what the prospects of sport are—the few who know all about it before the time comes for putting dogs over the ground. It is a very extraordinary thing that very many sportsmen put off ordering guns until about this time of year, although they know as well as possible, or should know, that between now and August 12th no gunmaker can build a gun from start to finish. I suppose it is that they do not much care—it is not their affair how the gunmaker proceeds in a hurry; his business is to turn out the finished article to suit his customers, and the latter are often enough careless whether guns have been designed and finished for them provided they fit and balance when they are done. That is in one way satisfactory to both sides, for there are many gunmakers who lay themselves out for this kind of work; they keep a variety of barrels and actions of various patterns, which only require stocking in order to get any bend and any cast-off that may be required in the finished article in a month or six weeks after an order is received.

But, on the other hand, there are gunmakers who will not do this kind of work. What they say about it is, that a complete whole and a finished fit must have every part in proportion with every other part, and that no two men want exactly the same gun, and therefore they do not want precisely similar barrels and actions either. The greatest of all the variations comes about in consequence of the different weights of guns preferred by different people, and there are makers who would be horrified to have suggested to them that it is easy to arrange the weight with an extra bit of lead in the butt, or by cutting an inch or two off the barrels, or by putting in a little extra packing between the barrels under the rivet. All this goes to destroy that true proportion which in a gun we call handiness, in a race-horse quality—that is, strength without lumber. I have sometimes had the pleasure of seeing the lines of guns laid down on paper by the most celebrated makers of the day, and I have been greatly pleased to see with what care they work out the thickness of the metal at the various positions in the taper of the barrels between breech and muzzle. Indeed, on one occasion I saw a dispute arise over these very particular particulars, and the question was asked how it was possible for the piece worker to turn out barrels so exact at the wholesale price he thought he was working at. However, there were the specifications for various guns, all of the same gauge, all of the same length, but no two alike in the gradation of the taper of the barrels.

Of course there are people, and good sportsmen, too, who believe that a good maker charges only for his name. Something of that kind is heard from most people who prefer not to afford the highest-priced guns. But they forget the extra work required to vary a stock design even by the slightest, for with a tip-top man one variation in one part means an equivalent variation in every other; and those therefore who delay ordering guns until about the period they require to use them must not expect all the possibilities of design exercised in their favour. I do not think that habitual delay in ordering guns has much to do with the prospects of the shooting season. An occasional shooter may decide when game prospects are bad neither to take a moor nor to buy guns to replace others getting rather out of date, but the majority do not wait for the season to declare itself before deciding the great autumnal question—to shoot or not to shoot. If there is not game enough for good shooting, the majority of Englishmen are content to take the little there is and be thankful for small mercies, but the few will always wait and see, and these are the men who give orders for guns late in July, and expect them to be delivered in August.

There are some shooters whom this kind of thing exactly suits; for those who are perpetually tinkering their guns throw good designs away. There is one very well-known instance, in which a celebrated revolver shot has a large number of exactly similar revolvers, fitted each with a sight only slightly different from the next; this is done in order to suit every changing light, and eyes that are more or less affected differently in those changes of light. In the same way I have known a shooter have guns of various length of stock, in order to suit the thickness of the winter or summer garments. On the other hand, there are a few shooters who sit down when out shooting, and set to work to tinker their own stocks, and I have known of them being shortened, out on the moors, by the use of pocket knives. It seems to be quite unnecessary for those who are troubled by these sudden changes of requirement to go to those makers

who design specially for each shooter, because it is so very evident that the best of gunmakers cannot foresee all these changes of requirement; and when they plan a barrel and adjust the weight forward for a certain length of stock and weight behind, all the nice design and even balance is thrown to the winds when the gun is suddenly chopped shorter at one end.

It is not the shooters themselves that are the worst sinners in this respect, though. The alteration of stocks to suit shoulders better than their original measure did suit them is one of the methods used by gunmakers to secure new customers. It generally happens that a shooter up to a certain age is improving in his shooting. I do not know at what age to fix it; but certainly most shooters who have enough, and not too much, shooting will improve up to forty. It is, therefore, obvious that the gunmaker who induces a shooter under that age to come to him for a fit runs an excellent chance of doing something for the shooter, or his guns, at the very instant he is naturally improving in his shooting. When this is the case, the new maker gets credit for more sense than the old one, and a change of maker sooner or later follows. It generally pays the gunmaker, therefore, to induce a shooter to change his stock, it does not matter how slightly, for this purpose. But of course there have been many occasions when changes of stock have been quite necessary, and when change has made all the difference between bad form and good; but, all the same, this happens so very seldom, comparatively, that it may be said there is no greater mistake than for a shooter to be always having his stocks pulled at out. Not only does any change alter the handiness of properly-designed guns, as before stated, but it alters the shooter too, who may very likely have a fault perpetuated by an alteration which, for a few shots seems to improve the shooting.

The moors have been letting well this season, the forests not so well. Many gunmakers are quite full of work up to the shooting season, and could not undertake another gun by the time on any account; but there are in every year those who are not full, and who would be only too glad to book orders for guns in a hurry, so that these have no bearing on the prospects of the season.



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INWOOD HOUSE: A FLOWER VASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Probably the safest guide to those prospects at this time of year are the way dogs are selling. Aldridge's has been crowded for the last three Friday afternoons, and the sale on June 28th proved to be about a record. There were far more people there than I ever saw before, and there was, too, a regular scramble for every dog that looked at all reliable, taking his character in the catalogue into consideration. In fact, seven, eight, and nine year old pointers and setters ranged from ten guineas up to over thirty, which, to say the least, are remarkable prices for dogs which, in the nature of things, cannot be expected to have very much more left in them. Although many times there have been higher prices made for pointers and setters at auction, there never have been more regular good ones than has been the case this season for those dogs, although the feature of the season's sales is the fact that the prices for retrievers have caught up, if not passed, those paid for pointers and setters. On July 5th Sir John Stirling Maxwell paid ninety-one guineas for a retriever bitch, and this is a record price at auction; but, nevertheless, the sale of the previous week, when nine retrievers from Mr. G. R. Davies averaged between thirty guineas and forty guineas, must be regarded as the best that has ever taken place at Aldridge's, although seventy guineas was, on that occasion, the highest individual price, and was paid after a long fight between Colonel Cotes and Mr. B. J. Warwick: the last-named obtained the prize. Not only did ancient pointers and setters sell well, but so did mere puppies, those that had nothing but "spring broken" and "not gun shy" after their names; and this demand was sustained on July 5th, when less noted kennels than those of Captain Heywood Lonsdale and Colonel Cotes (sold on June 28th) sent up drafts; so that, as far as the auctions can give information, we are in for another good season on the moors.

ARGUS OLIVE.



THE ROSE GARDEN AT KEW.

**D**URING the past three or four years a beautiful garden has been forming itself into shape, a garden of Roses, made out of a little valley, or rather grassy dell, near the Pagoda, with sloping banks on either side. We are only beginning to realise the possibilities of the Rose as a garden flower, and this is due to a general awakening of interest in gardening, to a better knowledge of the many lovely things available, and to the success of the hybridist, who of recent years has given us many hybrids of the greatest importance in garden decoration. The Rose garden of the future will be a very different affair from that of the early Victorian era, when the Roses were confined to the Rosary, and when, through the short life of so many of the kinds then existent, the time of Roses was of the summer only. Roses are with us now for many months, from May until the early winter, and this from beds in the open ground, where the Tea-scented, the Chinas, and their hybrids earn the name of perpetual, retained by that other glorious but far more fleeting group we know as the "H.P.'s." The time to see a Rose garden is when the evening shadows creep over the garden, or in the early morning, when dewdrops still sparkle on the petals, and we saw the dell of flowers in both lights at Kew. The whole place is filled with scent, and the colouring is agreeably arranged, without violent contrasts or unhappy associations. But we must warn intending purchasers always to know their Roses before they procure them, and not to risk pictures so unsatisfying and poor, through using colours of purple or "purply" shades. There are many Roses so bad in colour that to use them at all, even by themselves, is a mistake, and this is more so when they are associated with others. Many of the Japanese Roses have objectionable purply tones, and die off to blue-magentas; and shades equally as horrible. Only pure and good colours should be chosen, and the grouping should be done in a free and graceful way. Even the old China Fellenberg, grouped boldly at Kew, is almost too purple in colour, but it is so free that its tendency to purple may be partly overlooked.

Fellenberg is the first Rose to impress one, as there is a very large mass of it at the top entrance to this sunk garden of Roses. Then we made note of Multiflora, the double Multiflora, with the shoots of Fellenberg straying through it, the climbing White Pet, a group of the yellow Rosa lutea, or the Austrian Yellow Briar, Paul's Carmine Pillar, a glorious crimson colour, the long willowy shoots wreathed with bloom, the white Virginian Rambler, the Musk Rose (Rosa moschata), and the Scotch Roses; but a Scotch Rose called William IV. is too purple to group in this way. Rosa macrantha is exquisite, its big single flowers tinted with pink; so, too, is a hybrid Rugosa called Mrs. Anthony Waterer. This is still a rare Rose, but wonderfully free, strong, and good in colour, the flowers a warm crimson and filled with perfume. This was raised by crossing Rosa rugosa with the famous H.P. General Jacqueminot. We also noticed, growing delightfully, Claire Jacquier, and the later-flowered Rosa setigera, whose lateness is welcome. The fault, if we may so write, of a Rose garden of this kind, is that its beauty is soon over, and therefore in planting the aim must be to make a succession. When Rose planting time comes we hope to give fuller instructions about making such a garden as this than is possible in these notes. The Boursault Amadis is not worth growing; its flowers are produced in profusion, but their colouring is unpleasant. Although grown at Kew, we would not suffer it within a mile of our own place, when we are able to plant such beautiful old garden Roses as Flora and Blairii II., which make hedges of bloom here, a glorious picture of colour, and the shoots bent with the weight of flowers. Pink Roamer we cared little for. We thought the flowers had faded, but ascertained that the washed-out purple shade was their true tone. The double R. moschata, R. lucida fl.-pl., Thoresbyana, the deliciously-scented Rose Celeste, one of the damask tribe, and the Penzance Briars, especially Anne of Geierstein, must be mentioned also. All the Roses raised at Kew, planted in this garden, are upon their own roots. We strongly advise those who intend to make Rose gardens in the autumn to ask for own root plants. The strength, freedom, and beauty of the plants at Kew, grown in this way, are a rebuke to those who still contend that "this or that stock is the best." A hard-and-fast line must be drawn between Roses for the garden and those simply to give exhibition blooms. These own root plants at Kew are simply loaded with flowers. Of course Crimson Rambler is there, and the colouring of the flower is unquestionably splendid, but it is harsh and purply the moment its freshness is past.

ALFRED K. WILLIAMS (H.P.).

This grand Rose still remains one of our best crimson varieties. The form of the flower is beautiful in the extreme, and the petals are evenly arranged as those of a Camellia. Exhibitors find this a most useful Rose, and those who can produce good show Roses nearly always count upon this kind as a three-point flower. It is not a variety one can confidently recommend to the amateur, for in most gardens as a two year old plant it is lacking in vigour. The best plan is to bud a dozen or two of it on the Manetti each year, for the superb flowers usually seen in a show box come from yearling or maiden plants. We have seen it succeed well as a cat back, when the maiden plants have been left undisturbed, but everyone who has the opportunity should bud a few of this glorious Rose each year, and discard them after they have been cut back once. This is one of the few crimson H.P. Roses that give us of their blossom in the autumn.

#### A FEW GOOD ROSES.

The following Roses we have noted during the past few days in gardens as of special worth:

*Corallina*.—This was raised by Messrs. William Paul and Sons of Waltham Cross. Its effect when massed is superb. Its growth is free, vigorous, and the flowers are almost as rich in colour as those of Papa Gontier, whilst when fully expanded they are over 4in. across. The young growths in spring are quite amber in colour, and the plant is even more beautiful in autumn than it is now, as a cooler season of the year for its slower flower expansion means deeper colouring. A well-known Rose grower writes us: "I consider Corallina will rank with such well-known kinds as George Nabonnand, Mme. Abel Chatenay, Marquise de Salisbury, and Gruss an Teplitz. If I could only find space for a dozen kinds of Roses, Corallina would certainly be one."

*Camoens*.—It is a mystery that a Rose so beautiful as this is not as frequently seen as the popular Mme. Laurette Messimy or Eugene Resal. Camoens is a China Rose, but suffers from its length of service, whilst many novelties with less than half its value are praised and sold at high prices. No Rose of its kind is more beautiful than Camoens. The writer has seen flowers so thick upon the shoots that the green leaves were hidden, and the colour is a pure and effective rose pink, a clear bewitching shade that makes one plant in quantity to fill the household flower basket.

*Penzance Briar Anne of Geierstein*.—This is, of course, a rambling Rose, and grown usually upon pillar or arch, but a bed of it at Kew is an interesting feature. Its graceful shoots arch over, and almost make a kind of arbour in themselves, an arbour studded with warm rose flowers of delicious sweetness. The plant is bathed in perfume, for the leaves are sweet-smelling too, as the origin of the hybrid suggests. Many of the Penzance Briars are as fragrant in leaf as the Sweet Briar, from which they have arisen, itself.

*Rose Blanche de Coubert*.—Of the Japanese Roses, or "Rugosas," as we have heard them described, this is one of the most beautiful. It is a Rose to group, for it is handsome in leafage and in fruit, and its flowers are absolutely white, double, large, and fragrant. Mme. George Buant is eclipsed by this lovely Rose, which is queen of its race.

*Rose Jersey Beauty*.—We noticed this in a stand of flowers at the recent show of the National Rose Society in the Temple Gardens. It is a lovely flower, and one who has known this hybrid from its birth describes it as making two or three yards of growth in a season, with a creeping, Ivy-like habit—the outcome of having the creeping Rose, Rosa wichuriana, as one of its parents—and sprays of flowers and buds of exquisite beauty. Our correspondent says "the buds of Jersey Beauty are a soft creamy yellow shade; they are about 1in. in depth, and produced in twos, threes, and fours from the summer growths; the stems yielding the blossom the following year are about 8in. to 10in. in length, so that for cutting they will be distinctly valuable." Our plant is about to flower. Its growth is remarkably vigorous, glossy green, as in the wichuriana parent, and the single flowers, judging from those at the show, are of a very distinct cream-yellow. The other parent is the beautiful Perle des Jardins.

*Celeste*.—The writer was in a beautiful garden lately, and came near the margin of the pleasure ground, enticed thither by a delicious perfume. These notes are supposed to be severely practical, but it is a sore temptation to write of the Rose that "Bursts from its cup to kiss the gale that blows," for such a Rose is the full rich pink Celeste, as sweet as the "Cabbage" Rose itself. Surely no Rose can be sweeter than this, and, as the gardener says, "it makes a good bed."

#### DELPHINIUMS BOLDLY GROUPED.

We frequently allude to the bold planting at Kew, and each season brings its object-lessons in these glorious gardens, made so not through any natural advantage, but through the beautiful ways of grouping flowers on the grass and in the woodland. At the present time the Delphiniums are a picture of colour. An enormous group on the grass is of wonderful colouring, the tall strong spikes crowded with flowers, and seen from a considerable distance. This shows the true value of the hardy plant in composing good garden pictures.

#### THE LOGAN BERRY ON A NORTH WALL.

"G. W.," an occasional correspondent to our weekly notes, sends a few lines about the importance of the Logan Berry as a fruit for a north wall: "In the Southern part of the country various fruits are grown on north walls that do not thrive in the more exposed parts of the kingdom, and my note concerns a new fruit which does splendidly on a north aspect in the Iwerth district. I am much pleased with my Logan Berry, as, though a trifle acid, it is a most useful fruit for preserves and cooking. I would, in light soils and sheltered gardens, strongly advise planting this on a north wall. Grown thus, it bears enormous quantities of fruit for a long time, and in this aspect the fruits keep better than in the open. The plants produce the fruit on the canes made the previous season, so that the new growths from the base should be supported to prevent winds twisting them. If on a wall, we place a few strands of stout twine and loop up. This is better than nailing, as it allows greater freedom."

#### VINE CULTURE UNDER GLASS.

We have received a shilling book about "Vine Culture," revised and edited by C. E. Pearson of Chilwell Nurseries, Lowdham, Notts. The booklet was originally written by J. R. Pearson, also of Nottingham. It is a useful little book of fifty-six pages, but why so much is said about revising and editing it is difficult to understand. It is unquestionably a book that every amateur should have, as the instructions are clearly expressed, and there is no unnecessary talk of rare varieties or things the beginner does not want to trouble himself about. The fact that it has run through seven editions is sufficient indication of its worth.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We are always pleased to assist our readers in difficulties concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.



## SNAKE-HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

THE ordinary individual who reads his magazines in the comfortable seclusion of an armchair in the smoking-room of his club, will probably be of the opinion that snake-hunting in England is not a very exciting pursuit. And certainly, as far as actual danger to life and limb is concerned, the occupation is not so perilous as fox-hunting in some districts, or as big game shooting is abroad. Nevertheless, snake-hunting has a fascination all its own, though its votaries are no doubt extremely limited in number, and are not animated by the sporting instinct so much as the desire of the naturalist to observe these reptiles in their natural habitats. The widespread horror of anything in the shape of a serpent is responsible for the wholesale destruction of our snakes, harmless and venomous species alike, in any district where they are at all common, so that nowadays one has to seek very outlandish places for anything like successful observation of British snakes. Still, even now there are many sparsely populated areas, especially in the Southern Counties and in Wales, where immense numbers of snakes survive and flourish, mostly in very large woods and forests, or in the mountain fastnesses, or on extensive moors and heaths. Perhaps the best known of such snake haunts is the New Forest in Hampshire, made famous from this point of view by that remarkable old man, "Brusher" Mills, the well-known snake-catcher. "Brusher" has certainly killed more snakes than any man living in this country, his record amounting to some thousands, either captured alive for food for larger snakes at the Zoological Gardens, or killed. He also manufactures an oil from the adders he kills, which he disposes of for the cure of adder bites, and is thus dependent on British snakes for a living, probably, to an extent which has never been approached by anyone else in this country. The majority of the serpents in the New Forest belong to the harmless species, the ring snake or grass snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*), this species outnumbering the venomous adder (*Vipera berus*) in that locality in about the proportion of ten to one. As far as the ring snake is concerned, "snake-hunting" is a misnomer, as this serpent may be handled by a child without the slightest danger, and its wholesale destruction is a matter of great regret to every naturalist, for it is one of the most beautiful of our wild animals and very useful in ridding the land of various more or less destructive pests. The case of the adder is somewhat different, for here one has to deal with a serpent whose bite is followed with serious consequences, which may indeed prove fatal. Only last month a fatal case was reported to me from Cumberland—that of a boy nearly five years of age. Fortunately, like other snakes, the adder is one of the last animals in the world to show fight, always making every effort to



TWO LARGE ADDERS.

glide away into the nearest cover, unless trodden upon accidentally or intentionally, or absolutely driven into a corner from which there is no escape. In the latter circumstance, adder-catching becomes a sufficiently exciting occupation, the difficulty in most places being to find the adder. But there are many places, as we said, where adders are still very numerous, some of these being found in Kent, Dorset, and parts of Hereford and Monmouth. Few people know of these haunts, for the very reason that where adders are many people are few.

The two qualities necessary for the successful observation of adders or other serpents in Nature are patience and silence. The naturalist who sets out to watch British serpents must be prepared to have many blank days, until by great patience he has found out exactly where to find them, for the reptiles are very local in their habit. Then he must be content to work alone all day, and very silently, as the least noise disturbs them, and anything in the shape of conversation is quite sufficient to send every adder within 20 yds. into the nearest cover. Thus it is that the occupation has a charm all its own, and I know no sensation quite equal for suppressed excitement to that of silently watching an adder through one's field-glass, and mentally planning how best to circumvent the reptile. The slightest

sound on the part of the observer, a crushing of some leaves under foot or the crackling of brittle brushwood, and the reptile has disappeared—where, goodness knows. There may not be, apparently, a spot close by where a mouse could hide, but by the time one has got to where the adder was, no adder is to be seen, and the most careful search, in all likelihood, fails to reveal its whereabouts. The wonderful way in which serpents can hide themselves is most striking, and doubtless is one great reason why they are not more frequently seen. Occasionally one is in time to see the last few inches of the brightly marked back of the adder disappearing under a stone or into a rabbit hole, or perhaps the "run" made by a mouse. Then the chase becomes exciting, and one has to be careful, as the reptile strikes with extreme rapidity at a finger or foot incautiously inserted under the stone or fern. But, as a rule, after most carefully turning over the cover under which one knows the reptile is, he is not there, and there is nothing for it but to begin again in another spot. The popular method of despatching an adder is to batter the brute to death with the nearest stick; but the naturalist who wishes to secure the specimen for scientific purposes has to adopt other means. Personally, I catch them with a long pair of forceps, covered at the



CATCHING AN ADDER ALIVE.

mouth with india-rubber, which in no way injures the adder. Then I administer chloroform in the ordinary way if I wish to kill the reptiles, as I find they do not recover consciousness. The only difficulty is to get the adders to inhale the vapour, as the respiration is very slow in these animals.

The causes of the great variation of the colours of our adders, and their different sizes in various localities, are by no means thoroughly understood, comparatively little study having been given to this branch of the British fauna, chiefly, no doubt, on account of the great difficulty attached to it and the unpopularity of serpents with field naturalists.

In a lonely corner of North Monmouthshire, far from any of the modern forms of civilisation—its precise locality need not be mentioned—there is a warm wooded hillside where flourish the largest adders I have seen anywhere in England. For a distance of some two or three miles this hillside is covered with alternating larch plantations, patches of bracken, thick mixed woods, and open grass slopes. The aspect is south and south-east, getting the morning sun and the heat of mid-day and afternoon—an ideal spot for the survival of a fine race of adders. On a suitable day at the end of May or early in June one may see on an average seven or eight adders by walking very quietly along the paths through the plantations or along the rides in the bracken. The reptiles lie curled up in the sun, a yard or so off the edge of the cover, ready on the slightest alarm to glide noiselessly into shelter near at hand. It is in this adder haunt that I have taken the largest adders I have met, 26in. to 27in. being a not unusual measurement here. When one considers that the average length of the British adder is from 18in. to 25in., it is at once evident that in this locality the reptiles attain a good old age, and hence show a maximum length. Curiously enough, the harmless ring snake is quite unknown for some miles round, the explanation being probably that its food supply is here deficient. There is little



SCALES AND MARKINGS OF ADDERS.

some time has elapsed since the adder last used its poison apparatus) would be very likely to be attended with fatal consequences, especially to anyone in anything but the best of health.

It may be imagined, therefore, that the capture of one of these giants, in such a way as to leave the specimen uninjured, is not unattended with risk, and is quite as exciting as most occupations I know of, more especially if two are found together, as is often the case in early spring. It is a case of

"How happy could I be with either  
Were t'other dear charmer away,"

when one is attempting to secure a fine adder with the full consciousness that another has just made a fiendish dab at one's ankle.

But, unfortunately, from the naturalist's point of view, though probably no one else regrets it, such spots as these are very few and far between in England nowadays, and one has to travel many miles for very little result in any investigation of this branch of our fauna. Modern methods of farming, the introduction of reaping machines, and the clearing of so many waste and wild areas, are some of the causes of the gradual extinction of our serpents, and of the driving of these reptiles into such "backwoods" as still remain in Old England.

GERALD LEIGHTON, M.B.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

VOLUMES of short stories, *réchauffés* or otherwise, are not as a rule attractive or encouraging, but one emphatic exception must be made in favour of "Ensign Knightley, and Other Stories" (Constable), by Mr. A. E. W. Mason. This fact was, perhaps, to be expected when we recall that the author collaborated with Mr. Andrew Lang in an impressive romance of ancient Greece a few years ago. The invention and ingenuity of character and outline displayed in this collection are as unusual as they are refreshing. Several of the tales deal with the psychological phenomena of unusual mental crises, or of those traceable to physical causes, and occasionally met with by doctors and surgeons. They are powerful and convincing studies, treated in a dramatic manner, and showing the author's versatility in both setting and characters. He is equally successful in showing us an incident in the lives of our soldiers in Tangiers in 1680 or in sketching the tragic poaching "Cruise of the Willing Mind" from Yarmouth to the Danish coast and back again. Such studies in African horror as "Hatteras," or "How Barrington Returned," have seldom thrilled our quotidian susceptibilities; nor have our sympathies often been awakened by a more gallant tale than that of "The Deserters," and their heroic leader, Lieutenant Fevrlar, who, surely, was the leader not of a "forlorn hope" but of a foreseen despair.

"On the Other Side of the Latch" (Methuen), by Sara Jeanette Duncan, is a finicking bit of dainty embroidery—feminine work every inch of it. A lady who is banished to the garden for several months by Him-who-must-be-obeyed, recounts her experiences in waking and dreaming in a very charming manner. She makes our acquaintance "in a long cane deck-chair anchored under a tree, overhead the sky, on the four sides the sky, without a pattern, full of wind and nothing." When we premise that the garden is "a mere patch on a mountain-top of the Himalayas, with India down below grilling in the sun," vistas of expectation open before our eyes. To enquire too particularly as to whether these desires of our imaginations are satisfied would be a little ungracious. We thankfully confess to being refreshed and exhilarated by those charming inconsequential disquisitions upon the tiny events of her circumscribed life; and if, sometimes, we are conscious that circumstances, over which she had no control, have been busy

"Annihilating all that's made  
To a green thought in a green shade,"

we feel at least grateful for both thought and shade. If we sometimes perceive that this literary dryad has set herself a rather difficult task, yet we are also often glad to be reminded of the delicate fancies of de Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma Chambre," and to feel that she has at least thought of R. L. Stevenson's "Silverado Squatters."

There has sprung up of late a fashion of philosophy which results in an abnormal condition of mind that rejoices in being too subtle to grasp moral differences. The victim of this system of thought, while incapable of appreciating the motives regulating ordinary humanity, destroys himself by allowing every emotion to pass through an analytic sieve till all simplicity and spontaneity give way to a precocious curiosity regarding the origin and development of feeling. In "The Disciple" (Unwin) this introspection is begun through an early recognition, not of the duality of our natures and consequent complexity which is so likely to puzzle youth, but of the belief that multiplicity of self is possible. This idea M. Bourget's hero develops in his own personality, and finds it a fascinating indulgence. A paper he writes on this subject is highly praised by a great French savant, M. Sixte, whose ideas he has assimilated in two very daring treatises—"Psychology of God" and a "Theory of the Passions." This Robert Greslon becomes a tutor in a French nobleman's house, and for the sake of perfecting and thoroughly verifying his studies of the human soul employs himself in making a young girl fall in love with him. He succeeds, but after the discovery of his perfidy she commits suicide and he is tried for her murder. That is not the whole story, but the interest of the book lies in the study of a morbid and terrible consciousness, allied with the fatal consequences that result in reducing the divine in man to mechanical principles, such as may easily be laid bare any day to the inspection of science. M. Bourget makes an impassioned appeal in his preface to the young men of France to save themselves while the soul lives from this modern demon which degrades intellect, on the one hand, and, on the other, from the temptation to follow sensual pleasures and the adoring of self. "Be neither the brutal positivist who abuses the world of sense, nor the disdainful and precocious sophist who abuses the world of thought and feeling. Let neither the pride of life nor that of intellect make of you a cynic and a juggler of ideas. In such times of troubled conscience and conflicting doctrines, cling as you would to a safe support to Christ's words: 'The tree is known by its fruit.' There is one reality which you cannot doubt, for you possess it, you feel it, you see it every moment; it is your own soul. Among the thoughts which assail you are those which render your soul less capable of loving, less capable of desire. Be sure that these ideas are false to a degree, however subtle they seem, adorned as they are with the finest names and sustained by the magic of the most splendid talents. Exalt and cultivate these two great virtues, these two energies, without which only blight and final agony ensue—Love and Will." One cannot have better wisdom than these last two words leave us with, and the unfortunate disciple shows how ingeniously the death of the soul can be compassed nowadays when we try to assert that the feeble glimmer of science is sufficient to obscure the "white radiance of eternity," forgetful that there is no philosophy that can ever change the truth of Hamlet's doubt.



Mrs. Clifford is one of the most interesting and suggestive of women novelists, and her new book, "A Woman Alone" (Methuen), offers us a strange pathetic story of how easily life may resolve itself into a tragedy. There is nothing more difficult to define than the transition from the happiest-omened love to mutilated and discordant lives. Mrs. Clifford has presented a most unreasonable and piteous conundrum. Richard Bowden was the son of a deceased Prime Minister, who has left a sour, commonplace widow and daughters. He began his career in the diplomatic service, and gave it up for a misanthropical, studious, solitary existence, his chief aim to be let alone, and he had the habit of making long disappearances from England to travel abroad. From one of those excursions he returned with a beautiful and brilliantly-intellectual Austrian wife, who had been a leader of men in the home of her uncle, a patriot and enthusiast. She was full of wild and poetic visions to live and work for the cause of humanity, and gifted with great sympathy and energy. The silent superiority of Richard enchanted her, and she read in his intolerance of mankind and their ordinary interests the possibility of achieving great things. In a whirlwind of delight they were married, and he took her to England and the dull country house he loved to bury himself in. There to her eager, ardent spirit disillusionment began, though she continued to be upborne by her passionate love. He had no ambition, no desire for action or a man's work in the world. "It is this chilly climate," she told herself, "that is as incapable of a fierce sun as of a deep snow; from a land that has no heights or depths, only an even prosperity, what can one expect? He belongs to a people that has forgotten what it is to suffer, and does not know how to rejoice, how to live—only to wait in dull content till enough money has been gained for comfort and enough years have been accumulated to equip them for the tomb. It is the oppression of prosperity that is on his people, the absence of all that makes life keen and difficult to hold."

But in his family the men had always done as they pleased, and the women had never dreamt of turning them from their ways; so he gradually resumed his old self-concentrated habits, while with a half-conscious bitterness she felt the stagnation of his life. After some time she persuades him to go to London, where she becomes the centre of a brilliant society in which he takes no interest, while she longs that he should live for greater than himself, though more and more his limitations overwhelm her. One day she tells him, "The life that you prefer seems to me terrible. I have tried to save you from it. You care for nothing; even the companionship of me, whom you love, troubles you a little. There have been days when you have hardly spoken to me. At first I thought I understood, for we all want to be silent, and to think sometimes, but I saw that you would give me no life if I did not make one. I wanted to make one for you, too; I saw that you had no ambitions, and I tried to create them in you by bringing round you the men who had achieved something, or attempted something, while you had done nothing—nothing in the world except live for your own pleasure; and your pleasure is to be alone and useless." A fortnight later they separated. "Apart from his dislike of anything in the shape of society, he had become convinced that he was not fit for the close ties of life. He recognised the obligations of relationship, but, as he once said cynically to himself, he was not affectionate. Blanche had been the great exception of his life, but latterly he looked upon her more and more as an experiment that had failed. Her beauty had inspired him with a passion for her, but it was stemmed by possession. But the impossible had been accomplished. There remained a woman who disturbed his life by her exactions, by her ideals, and her endeavours to drag him up to them; a woman who refused to be cowed or put on one side, as had been the case with his mother and sisters, but insisted on living in the full tide of human interest."

He goes abroad, while for four years in London she tastes the delirium of being a free woman, though under all her social triumphs she is worn out with longing to hear from him. In the last, tragical chapter he returns to England, and she is on the eve of making a wild appeal to him, when the curtain falls with the abrupt announcement of his death.

As far as one can trace the argument of the story, it is to set forth the old fact that life is only possible for a woman, however advanced and individual, with the man she loves. She must be strong enough to recognise this, and for both their sakes suffer and overlook much; self-effacement seems an almost necessary condition. There is nothing profound or subtly characterised in this



Richard N. Speaight.

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JOAN, DAUGHTER OF LADY DICKSON-POYNDER.

sketch, but there is something almost unique in the pathos and terror of a marriage between two with personalities so antagonistic; no love can cover a complete absence of sympathy. The book contains two other stories, one a charming love story, and the other a sad one.

Altogether we have here a fine example of the work of this highly-gifted writer. It seems a long time now since her famous "Anyhow Stories" came out, and yet one remembers quite distinctly the pleasant impress on they produced, the certain knowledge, we might say, that here was that *rara avis*, a new writer whose acquaintance it would be a pleasure and delight to make. Since then Mrs. Clifford has been steadily growing in strength and experience. In her first book what struck one most was the wealth of fancy and imagination, but now quality has given place to a deep insight and wisdom, and she deals from choice with the eternal problems and puzzles of human life, its infinite pathos, the sadness that knows no alleviation, and the other themes that from time immemorial have interested those who have listened to "the voices." This is quite in the form and after the manner of a classical novelist, and if asked of what other living writers this could be said, the list would indeed be a small one.

## A GREAT . . . . ENTOMOLOGIST.

MISS ELEANOR A. ORMEROD was born at Sedbury Park, Gloucestershire, in the year 1828, and so must have been seventy-three years of age when she died at Torrington House, St. Albans, on July 19th. To agriculture her death is a very great loss indeed, as her life-work had been the investigation of that bane of modern farming, injurious insects. The task came quite naturally to her, since both her father, George Ormerod, and her mother, who was the eldest daughter of John Latham, M.D., belonged to Nature-loving and scientific circles. She herself was the youngest of ten children, and took quite naturally to outdoor studies at a very early age. Her distinctions were almost unique. When Edinburgh University conferred on her the highest honorary distinction of merit within its power, she was the first of her sex to receive that distinction. She was also the first lady to be admitted a Fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society, and she had been awarded the silver medal of the Société Nationale d'Acclimatation de France. But her greatest distinction of all was the trustworthy and painstaking work she did in entomology.



Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MISS ORMEROD.

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Her annual reports are so well known and have been so highly praised by those most competent to judge them, that it would be superfluous to say one word further about them here. We cannot, however, say farewell to Miss Ormerod without putting on record that in private life she was one of the most gentle and amiable of ladies, and is as great a loss socially as scientifically.

## BALLADE OF THE HOSE.

How pleasant it is to recline,  
Old Fahrenheit ninety or so,  
In the slumbering shade of a pine  
On turf that is gentle as snow,  
And watch a hot gardener go  
With a hose that's attached to the main,  
Where hollyhocks pant in a row,  
Distributing plausible rain.

O sweetly they sparkle and shine,  
These drops, in the blistering glow;  
And sweeter, ah! sweeter than wine  
They taste to the flowers, I trow;  
All whispering, pattering slow  
On leaves that are parched for a drain,  
Deceiving the roots down below  
With this patter of plausible rain.

And what tho' old Plutus decline  
His largess of moisture to throw?  
Or Boreas, sulky, supine,  
Forbid the least zephyr to blow?—  
O'er the elements come let us crow!  
Hold tropical heat in disdain,  
Cheat lupine and foxglove to grow  
With a deluge of plausible rain!

O would that on souls who repine  
Sweet blessings like this I might strow,  
Outpouring a spiritual Rhine  
Thro' anhydrous deserts of woe!  
For then should the universe know  
Not a moment of sorrow or pain,  
And never a teardrop should flow  
Save the dew of my plausible rain.

I pull at my pipe, lying low,  
At peace in the shadow remain,  
Content to let others bestow  
All the blessings of plausible rain.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

## POLO NOTES.

THE weeks that intervene between the last of the open tournaments and the opening of the autumn season have been rather dull ones. The great heat must bear the blame for this. Although Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and the London Polo Club have ample means of watering their grounds, yet the heat tells on players and ponies. The want of rain, too, makes us somewhat anxious about the autumn polo tournaments. Next Monday Leamington begins the Warwickshire week. Then on Bank Holiday (August 5th) comes the first day of Rugby and Holderness. These are local festivals eagerly looked forward to and keenly enjoyed by hundreds of people. But hard ground adds seriously to the dangers of the game and is full of risk to valuable animals. During the past week Hurlingham played off a tournament for men returned from the South African War. The entries were disappointing; the soldier players who were keen enough to have a match under fire seemed to hang back, and but three moderate teams were entered. Nevertheless, the tournament began with a very good game. A Team—Mr. Fairfax Lucy, Mr. F. Bellville (Imperial Yeomanry), Mr. Neil Haig (6th Dragoons), and Lord Charles Bentinck (9th Lancers)—played C Team, made up entirely of Yeomanry and Volunteers—Mr. M. de Las Casas, Mr. F. C. Menzies, Mr. Godfrey Heseltine, and Mr. Ezra. The play was close and even. The game was always fairly fast, but the combination was indifferent. There was some good individual play. For C Team, which seemed at first to be the stronger, Mr. G. Heseltine and Mr. F. Menzies made some good runs, and thus secured two goals more than their opponents in the early stages of the game. The strong point of A Team was their defence, and after a sharp struggle the scores were even at half-time. The fourth period was, as usual, the critical moment, and it could be seen that A were likely to hold out longest against the heat. So they did, and they won a good match by seven goals to six. The final of this tournament was played on Saturday last at Hurlingham. Whatever we might think of the polo, there was no doubt about the pleasures of Hurlingham in such tropical weather, and it was with something of an effort we all left the lawn and the river front for the polo pavilion. The grass, well watered during the heat, looked delightfully fresh when the players ranged up for the final. A Team were arranged as above mentioned. B Team had not played except in a trial game. They included Major Schofield, Captain Egerton Green, and Mr. Thynne. It did not require that one should have watched polo very closely to see that B were the stronger team of the two. Moreover, Major Schofield and Captain Egerton Green know one another's play, and combined well, the second goal being due to some good work put in by them as No. 1 and No. 2 in support of each other. No one was very much astonished when, after a game of moderate

interest, B won the tournament by four goals to love, the score for once representing the merits of the teams very fairly.

Ranelagh had to cancel their pony race-meeting on account of the heat. There was during the week plenty of good polo, but no tournament of any mark, and scratch matches have been the order of the day. An exception, however, must be made in favour of Thursday's match, Oxford University—Mr. W. Astor, the Rajah Kumar of Cooch Behar, Lord Helmsley, and Mr. W. Wade Palmer—and 2nd Life Guards—Lord Montgomerie, Mr. H. O'Neill, Mr. H. Spender Clay, and Mr. H. C. Ashton. It must have been a relief to players and ponies when the periods were reduced to eight minutes. But though the time was shorter than that of ordinary matches, the players were thoroughly in earnest, and hit the ball and galloped as though the heat was not tropical. While we gazed on the pavilion, they seemed to feel the heat far less than we did. There is nothing like strong exercise in hot weather, and I have seen polo played and joined in many a game in India with the thermometer standing well over 92 deg. at five o'clock. On Thursday it was nearly 90 deg. in the shade. Slightly quicker on the ball than their heavier opponents, the Oxford men scored the first goal. Afterwards, however, there was little to choose between the teams. It says much for the steady play of each No. 4 that only two goals were scored on each side. In the end two extra periods were wanted. Oxford managed to score before the eighth period was quite finished. The run of the game was that by Mr. H. Spender Clay, when he set one of his well-known good ponies galloping, and, hitting well and keeping the pace good, stopped Mr. Wade Palmer, and scored a second goal for the Life Guards. Mr. Clay is one of the younger players of the day who has been coming on steadily during the season.

It is not possible to be in two places at once, or I should like to have seen the third of our present-day family teams play at the Crystal Palace. However, it was not a close game, for the four Messrs. Las Casas could always gallop over the London Polo Club, and won easily. Sussex County, Stansted, Chislehurst, Rugby, and Tiverton are all instances of teams with at least three members of one family. Tiverton and Stansted are the only sides on record in which all the players have been related.

Dr. Watney's sile at Pangbourne, of which I only write by hearsay, was a very interesting one to polo pony breeders. The young stock, which is excellent, is built up from a foundation of Exmoor pony blood crossed with Arabs to give size and quality. The Buckhold Arab, Wigram, strikes me as a very high caste horse. Dr. Watney sold him to Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, so we may be sure he is good, and is now replacing him with a younger one, Swift, which has a cross of thorough-bred in him through Sir Walter Gilbey's wonderful Rosicrucian pony Rosewater. The result of this further experiment will be awaited with very great interest. The Buckhold Stud has succeeded almost alone in England in building up a riding pony from one of our native pony breeds. X.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### LISTENING FOR GRUBS.

PROLONGED drought appears to have one advantage for lawn and pasture, as it enables the thrush to hear the cockchafer grubs more easily among the grass roots. Perhaps the hard, dry surface of the ground is resonant, for if you watch the thrush when he pauses for a moment with head poised in air, his aspect is that of an alert and earnest listener, and when he suddenly steps aside and begins to dig furiously, if you drive him off and inspect the spot you will find no visible token whatever of the grub's presence. But take out your penknife and extend the thrush's excavation another half-inch, and you will come upon a fine fat cockchafer grub snugly curled up where the grass roots ought to be, like a baby in a cradle. Also, you will find the ground all around pitted with inch-deep funnel holes, from the bottom of each of which the thrushes have taken cockchafer grubs. These are the "worms" for which the piratical starling follows the young thrushes about the pasture, either because with his more slender bill he cannot break the hard ground for himself, or because he has not the thrush's delicate ear to detect them. What is more likely than that the starling, who is undisguisedly acquiring snipe structure with his snipe habits and taste for low-lying moist ground, should have lost, or never acquired, the skill of the thrush in hearing grubs under the hard crust of a sun-baked sod? To a bird with a slender bill, the possession of such an ear would be perpetual tantalisation, because, like a cat outside a cupboard full of mice, he might hear his dinner making ever such a noise all day, and be quite unable to get a mouthful of it.

### BIRDS' SENSE OF HEARING.

The cockchafer grub himself seems at first an argument against the possibility of the thrush discovering him by ear, for, as any angler who has fitted him to a hook—Nature seems to have especially adapted his straight body and latter incurved tail to the shape of a fish hook—knows, the loathly obesity of the grub, as well as his chronic curvature of the place where his spine should be, appear to forbid any such romping movements as would be audible through an inch of earth. But how can we, who with our own clumsy machinery can magnify the sound of a fly's footfall to the tramp of armed men, place any limit upon the powers of hearing that Nature may create in the delicate mechanism of a bird's ear? And that the cockchafer grubs move about sometimes in a self-evident proposition; for they feed upon grass roots, and they would never attain their horrid fatness if they waited till the roots came to them. Besides, the cockchafer grub has jaws wherewith it bites the roots, and no one who has listened to caterpillars eating leaves would doubt the possibility of thrushes and blackbirds hearing him in the act.

### A BUSY FATHER OF A GOOD FAMILY

and the businesslike way they deal with him is gratifying to behold. One old father thrush, whose wife is sitting upon her third clutch of eggs for this season, leaving him to look after the new-fledged brood number two—brood number one is established in the world on its own account, and provides some of the dupes of the pirate starling—has pegged out an extraordinarily rich claim in a bad bit of lawn by the shrubbery. The ground is already almost as full of holes as a nutmeg-grater, but, wherever he plumps himself down, he still finds cockchafer grubs on all sides. In three seconds he is pickaxing away with the fierce energy of a soldier demolishing a Boer entrenchment, and immediately after you see him tugging hard like one who has got his skulking enemy by the leg. A knock or two on the ground reduces the grub to moribund flabbiness, and the thrush is immediately excavating furiously again. When three or four hapless



grubs are thus collected, the thrush packs them tightly in his bill, with their heads and tails hanging on either side, moustache-wise, and is off like a bullet through a gap in the evergreens to the shady pine branches on which his present family are sitting quiet and being good boys till he came back, as he told them to. Most young birds are astonishingly obedient to their parents, but for nursery "goodness," carried to imbecile extremes, thrushlings would take the prize in any company. When their mother is telling them from the next tree to "sit still and keep quiet," you may tickle their tip-tilted beaks with a blade of grass, but they will squat like frogs, suffering untold agonies rather than sneeze. Also, you may stick them up to public ridicule on croquet hoops, but they will not get down until their mother says they may.

#### THE BLUNDERING CHAFER.

It is the more pleasant to see the thrushes at work among the cockchafer grubs because in North Norfolk, as, doubtless, elsewhere this year, we have had something very like a plague of summer chafers. These are poor relations of the cockchafer, buzzing beetles of a pale brown colour that swarm at dusk and display a pestilent ignorance as to the difference between a human being and a bush. For about an hour every evening they make a shimmering fringe to hedgerow, tree, and shrubbery, for that is the time when they conduct their wooing and all the giddy males are buzzing around in search of the belles that have "come out" since the previous evening. As with the hares in spring, each *débütante* seems to have four or five devoted admirers, who follow her clumsily wherever she goes, bumping against every obstacle, until she settles somewhere, when they proceed to scramble and tumble over her and each other in buzzing and struggling confusion. And as each wooer has four wings and six long, spiky legs to get mixed up with, the chafers' courtship is a most promiscuous spectacle. What we want at times like this is some small insect-eating owl like the dear little things that peep down at you from verandah pillars in India during the day and are out in the garden with the first dusk of evening, flitting like great moths themselves from post to branch and back again, capturing in passing just such insect pests as the cockchafer.

#### WANTED, AN OWL.

Some sort of small owl is what we really need to fill a gap in British bird life in summer, and the experiments of Lord Lilford in Northamptonshire and others in acclimatising the little owl are all in the right direction, though unfortunately the old game law which chances to protect the great bustard cannot be invoked for the punishment of those idiots with guns who shoot the rare, introduced owls whenever they see them. Another difficulty in the way of acclimatising birds which live chiefly upon insects caught on the wing is that they would have a hard time in winter unless they migrated, and this, of course, would add largely to the chances against their establishment, as the little owl seems to live all the year round in places where it breeds. That there is superabundance of insect food in summer for any dusk-loving bird anyone can see from the endless procession of fat-bodied moths that passes up and down our hedgerows. They are scarcely molested by the wheeling bats, who hunt at a higher level, perhaps because the pursuit of swift-winged hedge moths would involve frequent injury to their leathery wings from swinging bramble sprays and uncompromising thorn twigs. The feather-tips of a little owl's wing would hardly suffer at all from these, and that the *Noctua* moths—by a coincidence the name of the little owl is *Noctua* also—are not neglected by the bats because they are inedible is evident, not only because the wings which litter cobwebby corners haunted by bats are almost all of such moths, but also from the hue-and-cry which ensues among the sparrows when one of them happens to be disturbed in the daylight. You would not see half-a-dozen fat sparrows hustling and jostling each other all over the garden in a mad scurry after a common white-under-winged moth if it was not good to eat. And, since it is the caterpillars of these

moths which ruin the turnips, it seems a pity that so much good bird food should be wasted for want of little owls.

#### THE OWL-ROBIN.

Nature, however, is doing what she can, quietly and unobtrusively, after her fashion, to fill the gap. Everyone must have noticed how in the dusk of evening, after all the other day birds have gone to bed, the shapes of small birds flit in and out of the bushes, always close to the ground, and never flying more than a yard or two at a time. These are robins catching moths. In the dusk of very early morning, too, before the dawn, the robin issues out, hunts the bat to bed, and catches the moths instead of him. Once, when I had to rise in the dark to ride many miles on a bicycle to a distant railway station, the roads seemed to be full of robins, though it was so dark that I could only just distinguish them as they flitted in front of the machine. The robin differs, too, from our other small birds in the soft fulness of his large eyes, which are evidently adapted for sight at dusk; and, as it is almost always safe to conclude that the points in which any creature differs from its allies are those in which it will continue to differ more and more, we may regard the robin as a little owl in the making, just as in the starling of to-day we can see what a snipe-like bird he is going to be. But what a delightful bird a little owl-like robin will be!

E. K. R.

## RACING NOTES.

THE victory of Epsom Lad, which, by the way, is the result of two curious bits of riding on the part of Gomez and Henry, provides us with yet another instance of the way in which a despoised horse was practically given away, only to amaze and astonish both the man who sold him and the man who bought him by his extraordinary success. And the success of Epsom Lad is extraordinary indeed, for neither Victor Wild, whose original price, before he became the great horse that he turned out to be, was something under 300 guineas, nor San Toi, who changed hands at a still lower figure, regained their purchase money in such a short period. Purchase money, did I say? Not only purchase money, but no small fortune besides, for the winner's share of the Princess of Wales's Stakes and the Jockey Club's over

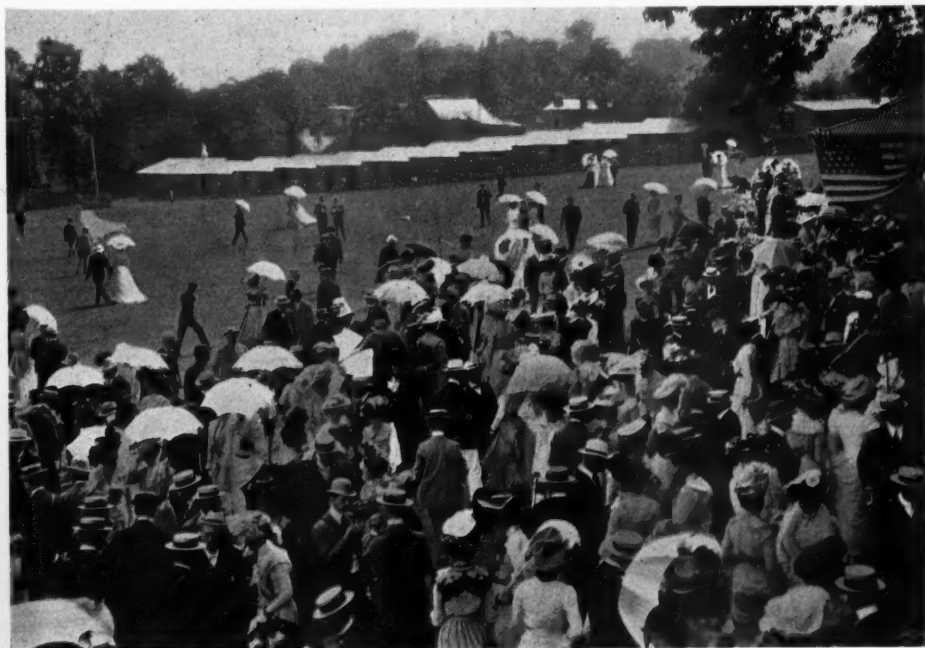


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THE ROCKET ARRIVING AT SANDOWN.

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£8,000 each, and still the horse is fit and well and liable to "go in and win again." Gomez must, indeed, be something little short of an acrobat when we remember that during the last half of the race he rode upon nothing; and, as if this was not enough, he had but one hand to steer and ride his horse with, as the other was engaged in holding on what remained of his saddle. M. Cannon has not had the best of luck this year, but if he had been released to ride Disguise II., Epsom Lad would have been hard put to it to get home, for Disguise II. is no child's horse, but in the strong, resolute hands of M. Cannon he would have been obliged to do his best, and his best, as we all know, is very good. And what of Diamond Jubilee? What a falling off was there! How can we look confidently into the future and predict more victories for this brother of Persimmon? The temper of some horses improves with age, but in this case it is evidently not so, and I should not be surprised to hear that Diamond Jubilee has run his last race and that he will now devote the rest of his days to the propagation of his species. Nothing was left undone which could in any way contribute to his success; he was ridden by Herbert Jones, his own special favourite jockey; Mr. Coventry was patience itself with him at the start, when he spent the greater part of 20 min. on his hind legs; and during the race, except, perhaps, coming round the bend, he was not seriously interfered with. He simply would not try, and that is the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and if he did take hold of his bit and run brilliantly during some part of the race, he only made things worse by so doing, since he flattered to deceive, and completed his inglorious exhibition by refusing to race altogether. Whether in his



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THE ONLY COOL PLACE.

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right mind and his very best temper he could have beaten the winner, is one of those interesting problems which never can be solved, but which serve as food for conversation and argument until the end of time; and the supporters of Epsom Lad have cold reason on their side when they point to the fact that he has now beaten Diamond Jubilee three times, which is the same thing as saying that the first-mentioned has beaten the latter whenever he has had the opportunity. I do not think myself that Epsom Lad was at his best last Friday, and I happen to know that the stories of his lameness which were current before the race, and which had the effect of making our friends the bookmakers lay against him with might and main, to their own subsequent discomfiture, were not at all exaggerated; and if the race had not been one of such great value, and the meeting of the horses had not been possessed of such great interest, the horse would not have run at all; and the fact that he only beat Disguise II. and Ian more by good fortune than by sterling worth points to this supposition being correct. Before leaving the race, it is unfortunately necessary to say something about the state of the course, and to ask the old, old question—why our richest race-course companies are always the ones to pay the least attention to the state of the going at the places under their control? The weary sporting writer feels some confidence in doing this now that Ascot is to be renovated, and perhaps in the fulness of time we may hear that something is to be done at Sandown. The club stand at Sandown is clarming, I grant you that, and the general accommodation for visitors leaves but little to be desired, but the course on Friday and Saturday was like granite. True it is that the heat wave is responsible for a good deal, but where there is a firm determination a method can generally be found, and there is no excuse at all for the terrible state of Sandown last week. Contractors, being second cousins to companies, are not pliant, but the action of the Sandown Park executive is a great contrast to the action of Mr. Davis of Hurst Park when he found himself in the same difficulty not very long ago. He required much water for irrigating purposes, and the water company could not see their way to come to terms or to make themselves agreeable in the matter. But Mr. Davis was not beaten, for he bored artesian wells, and—all was as it should be. There is something Napoleonic about that.

The death of T. Lane removes from the French Turf a very capable jockey indeed, and likewise a person round whom to a great extent the recent history of the French Turf circles. Finding in 1875 or 1876 that the English Turf did not offer him the great opportunities that he wanted—it was about the time of Archer, Constable, Rossiter, Tom Cannon, and other eminent horsemen—he migrated across the Channel, and after several years of comparative failure, which he bore with exemplary patience, he worked his way into notice as a fine steeplechase jockey, and



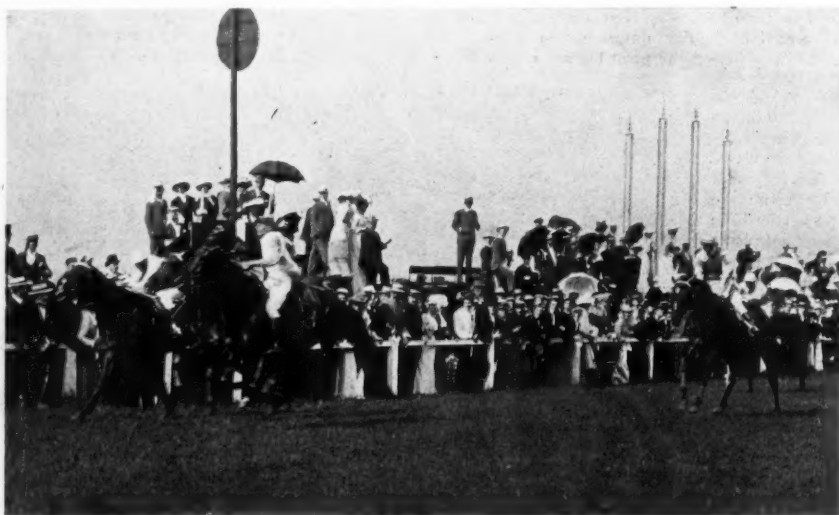
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## THE PARADE.

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in 1884 he won over a hundred races, including the Grande Course de Haies at Auteuil, in which he rode a fine four year old named Baadie. And at this period of his life he changed his career, or rather fortune changed it for him, through the somewhat drastic agency of a broken leg; and, giving up steeplechasing for good and all, he came out once more as a flat-race jockey.

Immediate success crowned his efforts, and he won the Prix du Jockey Club and the Grand Prix de Paris in 1888, while in the previous year he also won the Prix de Diane, which corresponds to our Oaks. For some years the Grand Prix seemed to belong to him, and to him only, since he won it in 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, and again in 1899. The only time that I ever saw him ride was in the Ascot Cup last year, when Perth, who started at heavy odds on, failed even to get placed to Mrs. Langtry's somewhat erratic Merman. Although Lane had given up riding some time before he died, he was comfortably settled as a trainer, and appeared to have some years of life before him when congestion of the lungs terminated fatally.

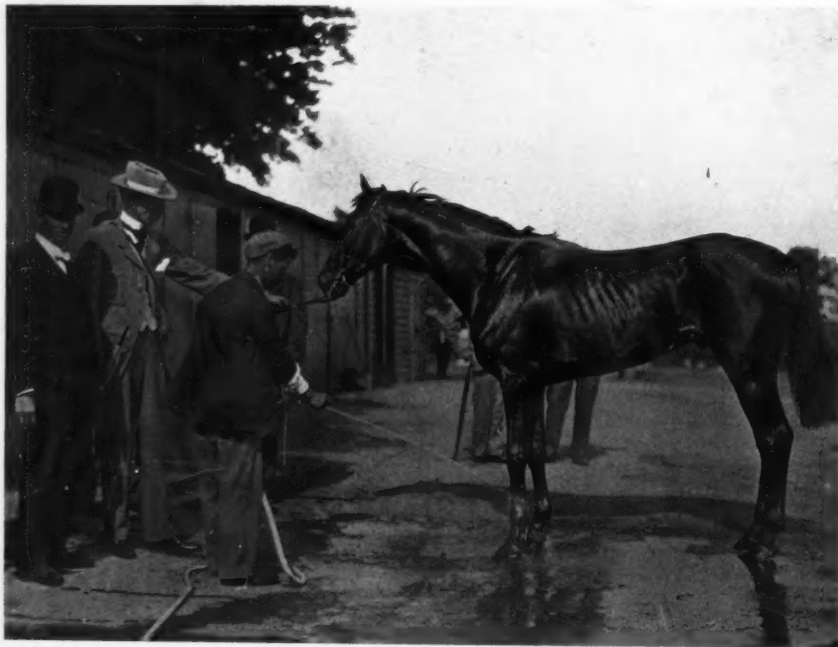


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## GOMEZ WINS WITH A BROKEN GIRTH.

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The Stewards' Cup, having behind it the glamour of history, in addition to the certain prospect of much unearned increment for the lucky person who wins it, always does well in the matter of entries, and this year has proved no exception to the rule. The number of horses who remained in until after the weights had been published was seventy-seven, but two of these, Australian Star and The Gaffer, were struck out by their owners as soon as it was seen that they had been given little chance by the handicapper. No particularly fresh name crops up in this case, but many of the old favourites are to be found here, including Stea'away, winner of the Hunt Cup; the mystical The Raft, who always seems to be ailing; Irish Ivy, of good record; Simon Glover, Elizabeth M., Master Willie, and Harrow. I have left Harrow till the last purposely, in order to draw attention to him, for I believe, not of my own free will, but because really intelligent men, with an intimate knowledge of the horse, have told me so, that Harrow on his day, when he really runs his race from end to end, and makes proper use of the tremendous speed which he undoubtedly possesses, can race with any horse in England. The handicapper of the Stewards' is evidently aware of this fact, and he has not spared the big horse weight; but that is to some extent immaterial, and if Harrow is on his best behaviour he will gallop with, if not in front of, the best horses who run in the Stewards' Cup. BUCEPHALUS.



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## EPSOM LAD AFTER THE RACE.

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## THE VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL.

ENGLISH scenery south of the Peak will generally be found to owe part of its charm to Nature and part to wealth. That sounds commercial, but except in the New Forest and a few other places of that kind, it is nearly always the rich man who either improves or beautifies the scenery. His improvements in nine cases out of ten consist



in planting and maintaining trees, paths, and avenues; in the tenth case, in making lakes and pools. When the rich man is driven from his lands, or so incommenced that he no longer can enjoy them, or they become so valuable for the use of a number of less well-to-do people that it pays him better to sell them for building small houses on, then, good-bye to beauty, scenery and all.

To put the matter on a perfectly plain business basis, that is what has happened in the case of the estate which makes most of the foreground of the lovely view from Richmond Hill. The promontory round which the river sweeps so sweetly is mainly occupied by the grounds of that famous river-side place, Marble Hill. The correct palladian house was built by George II. for the Countess of Suffolk, who was Mistress of the Robes to his Queen. The Earl of Pembroke was the architect, and the gardens were laid out by Pope. Later it was occupied by Mrs. Fitz-Herbert. These grounds, extremely fertile and favourable to the growth of trees, like all those on the Thames flats, now carry avenues of probably the finest and most umbrageous elms in England. This mass of heavy and magnificent timber is carried on by the great trees in the gardens and lawns of some half-dozen other fine houses by the river, from Cambridge House, next Richmond Bridge, to Orleans House at Twickenham. Marble Hill is now being cut up by roads in which to build rows of villas. The question is, can anyone or any public body find the money to keep it?

If they do, they will save the best of the view from Richmond Hill, because none of the other five or six large

promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained and unbounded through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forest, moved on slowly and placidly, like the monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom a hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and fluttering pennons gave life to the whole." That is the kind of view we are asked to keep.

C. J. CORNISH.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### PURCHASE OF PROPERTY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There are so many companies which lend landlords money to build farm-houses, farm buildings, cottages, etc., principal and interest repayable in ten, twenty, twenty-five, or thirty years, also in towns there are companies which lend to build houses, that it seems strange there is no company to lend landlords money to build houses for themselves to live in, principal and interest repayable in a certain number of years. There are many like myself who have a fair income, who would like to build their own home and gladly pay for it year by year out of income without selling out securities, or possibly their securities may be tied up in a trust and yet the income be ample enough.—A BUILDER.

### RAINBOW TROUT'S LOVE OF DEEP WATER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There has been some little correspondence and discussion lately in your interesting paper about the stocking of ponds and rivers with different kinds of



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FROM RICHMOND TERRACE.

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mansions on the Twickenham side have anything like the same space of ground attached. The question, "Is it worth keeping?" can be answered without hesitation. The scene from Richmond Hill is the finest example of the mixed effect of natural beauty made by a long curved reach of river seen from a wooded height, and by the presence of a number of the very finest houses of a certain class in England, with their grounds all joining one another. Spoil one of these "lots," and the whole is irreparably damaged. Wherefore it is very well worth serious consideration as to whether the necessary cash can be obtained to keep the Marble Hill ground, or to place it in such hands as will not spoil it or the view, though they may do a good deal to get the money back. The latter would be the best course, probably, for money is not very plentiful just now.

Sir Walter Scott's description of the general scene, in his "Heart of Midlothian," relates the journey of Jeanie Deans, whom the Duke of Argyll is taking in his carriage to Richmond. "The carriage rolled rapidly onwards, through fertile meadows, ornamented with splendid old oaks, and catching a glimpse occasionally of a broad and placid river. After passing through a pleasant village, the equipage stopped on a commanding eminence, where the beauty of English landscape was displayed in its utmost luxuriance. Here the Duke alighted, and desired Jeanie to follow him. They paused for a moment on the brow of the hill, to gaze on the unrivalled landscape which it presented. A large sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting

trout, and amongst other kinds the rainbow (Irideus) has been spoken of, and its alleged disposition to wander from the place where it has been put in has been much criticised. In this connection I should like to be allowed to express my own conviction, based both on hearsay evidence and on personal observation, that the rainbow trout wander in search of a definite object, and that that object is deep water. Wherever I have known or heard of rainbow trout being put in, it has always been my experience and my information that they have wandered so far, and no farther, as will take them to a piece of water of good depth. Where they have been put immediately into deep water I do not find that they have wandered. If this is the case, as I have all reason for believing, it is useful that it should be understood generally, for its understanding may do away with much of the disappointment that has, as I well know, often followed the introduction of these sporting fish into comparatively shallow streams. If you can give the rainbow trout deep water, there they will stay in content; if you cannot give them this, which their nature seems to desire, they will desert you, and go elsewhere if they can. They are the first risers to fly that I know, and do not seem to care for other food. The experiment has been made of putting them, with Loch Levens, into aquaria with minnows, and it has been observed that while the latter trout ate up the minnows with avidity, the rainbows did not care to touch them. This, to be sure, is not conclusive that they never would learn to touch them, but it is significant of their superior fly-feeding disposition, which indeed is very apparent when one comes to angle for them with the fly. I hope that this hint may save some of your readers a possible disappointment.—H.

### ROSE BANKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to your article on rose banks, it may be interesting to your readers to hear of the success of one planted last December. The bank in question is round two sides of a raised lawn tennis court, and has a south

and south-western aspect. The soil is gravel, but was well prepared by being trenched 2ft. deep and 4ft. wide; manure well incorporated with the soil. The roses were planted at the base, a good handful of coarse bone meal placed round each root, after which the 4ft. space was turfed, and forms a walk between the rose bank and the herbaceous border. The roses, half of which came from Messrs. Cant and half were moved from a border found in the garden when taken possession of last autumn, have flowered remarkably well, and, in spite of the drought, are sending up fresh canes from the bottom, which will soon cover the bank. The following varieties have been used: Hybrid Perpetuals—Charles Lefebvre, Heinrich Schultheis, John Hopper, Margaret Dickson, Maurice Bernardin, Ulrich Brunner, Duke of Edinburg, Etienne Levet, Mrs. John Laing, Mrs. Sharman Crawford, Merveille de Lyon; Hybrid Teas—Augustine Guinoisseau, Beauté Lyonnaise, Gloire Lyonnaise, La France, Reine Marie Henriette, Cheshunt Hybrid, Monsieur Desir; Teas—Bouquet d'Or, Gloire de Dijon, Henriette de Beauveau, Duchesse D'Auerstadt, Madame Berard, Madame Chauvry; Noisettes—William Allen Richardson, L'Ideale, Reve d'Or.—L. S. F.

#### EIDELWEISS AT WIMBLEDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you herewith a photograph of a root of edelweiss with thirty-one heads of flower, which is still in full bloom in my garden at Wimbledon. I transplanted it from the Gonergrat in Switzerland six years ago, and it has always grown well, but for the first two years did not flower; after that it gave six, then ten; last year seventeen, and this year thirty-one heads. I am not an authority, and therefore should like to know if this is not a very unusual number, as in its native land I have never counted more than ten. If you think it worth while you might reproduce the photograph in your paper, of which I am a constant reader.—ALEX. KNIGHT.

[Yes. An excellent specimen—one of the best we have seen. Such



results are often obtained by raising seed at home. Seedlings are stronger altogether than transplanted tufts.—ED.]

#### AN UNKNOWN BIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some days ago I took passage from Oban on one of the MacBrayne steamers to visit Staffa and Iona. The vessel was accompanied, as usual, by flocks of gulls. Amongst them I noticed one of which the following is a description: Body and head pale pink, a dark ring or ruff round the neck, and a dark splotch at point of each pinion on under side, which were otherwise white. The tail appeared to be crooked, something like that of a vulture, and light grey in colour. Can you, or any of your readers, say what species it belonged to? One of the crew to whom I pointed it out said he had never seen anything like it, and suggested that it had been caught, painted, and let go again, but the explanation did not appear to be satisfactory.—NEUSTADT.

[We are unable to identify the bird from the description. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to assist us.—ED.]



#### A QUAINT PAIR OF FRIENDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of two inseparable companions—Mustapha, a little African donkey, and Sancho, a thorough-bred black French poodle. Sancho has another designation: "My Black Shadow" his mistress calls him, and truly his devotion to her knows no bounds. He refuses all food when separated from her, and during a recent serious illness of hers, when he was refused admission to the room, he starved himself for three days, and to save his life had to be admitted to feed at her bedside. He is a very accomplished dog, will tell you his age—barking seven times when asked—counts from one to ten without a mistake, sits up and sings a song if requested to do so, and says "Non" as plainly and distinctly as any Frenchman. Mustapha is scarcely one whit behind the poodle in intelligence, and is invaluable as a travelling companion to his mistress, for he trots after her bicycle (without being led) carrying her luggage in two panniers, and in this way the trio make many enjoyable tours. His mistress is now resident in Avignon, and is preparing for a journey to Chamounix in company with her "quaint friends," a journey which they have made more than once before. Their order of march is as follows: First comes Sancho, with head erect and tail in the air, evidently bent on having a good time; then follow his mistress and a friend on their bicycles; and after them trots Mustapha, with his panniers, at a good pace, and with his nose almost in his mistress's pocket. Mustapha's memory is astonishing, and, having gone over this ground before, he makes a point when he nears a village, at which the party will put up for the night, of breaking the line of march and galloping on ahead. When his mistress and her friend arrive at the inn they invariably find him already in the hall, very literally shaking hands (for he gives in succession both fore legs, like a dog, without being asked) with his old friends of previous years, and levying the usual taxes on his presence in the shape of bread and sugar. It is needless to add that he and Sancho divide pretty equally between them admiration and a welcome wherever they go.—F. S. O.

#### BOAT AND MARGUERITES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The attractiveness of the accompanying picture seems to me to depend



not a little on its suggestions to an imaginative mind of the contrast between the old sea-faring boat and the garden of tangled daisies amongst which it has come to a final haven. Of course there is very much in the original that the photograph is not able to recall. There are the weather-beaten tints of the old boat that has borne so many buffets in the days of its strength and youth. Actually the bleaching and blistering paint tells its tale of voyages past. And around this stranded ark grow the marguerites, pure in colour and beautiful in form, with a glorious luxuriance. Somehow I feel as if this picture ought to have a story to tell those who are able to hear it. Unhappily I have not the art nor the imagination to tell it aright, so must leave it to carry its own suggestions to those who are better able to receive them.—A. B. C.